THE COMMONWEAL

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THE VIGOR OF THE MUSTARD SEED

THERE have been anxious modern moments during which the best of men doubted the vitality of the Christian church. It seemed, indeed, that the world was too much with us, shouting down the summons that had gone out upon the four winds from a lonely Hill of Death. Have we not wondered, time and time again, if anything short of absolute triumph would satisfy paganism in America? Statisticians have informed us that a very large proportion of families has cut adrift from any professed religious creed; and Catholics are even yet aware of statements, often made by men of high authoritativeness, that many of their own had fallen away into shadowy apostasies. Obviously, these matters are of the greatest importance to all, if they are true. Not even the unbelieving can be indifferent to the spiritual complexion of the democracy which envelopes our life and law. As for the loyal Christian, though he may know that the final test of orthodoxy is in something deeper than numbers, the evidence of enormous losses among souls is naturally appalling.

What could be more useful, therefore, than to find the question—"Has the immigrant kept the Faith?"* put and answered by a scholarly theologian as able as Dr. Gerald Shaughnessy? America is the composite product of immigrants. The American Catholic Church is made up of immigrants and their children. When we behold the vigorous organization of that Church today, do we see the fruits of wholesale community enterprise, or are we looking at an achievement made possible by "survival of the fittest?" Dr. Shaughnessy is ready with an answer. It is an optimistic answer—"It is very probable that there has been no loss at all, beyond that defection of Catholics which ordinarily takes place among any population, due to the weakness of human nature and the usual manifestations of the same." The triumph of the Church in the United States, therefore, is as much a matter of conservation as of creation.

This reassuring conclusion is based upon evidence of the soundest possible character. For the first time a writer on this important subject has taken the trouble to apply the accredited norms of investigation. There are virtually four matters to consider. First, how many Catholics were there in this country at the close of colonial days? Dr. Shaughnessy answers with the number, 35,000. The estimate is arrived at with painstaking carefulness, but we believe it the least acceptable calculation in the book. At any rate, it is not of

* *Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith? By Gerald Shaughnessy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.*

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major importance. Secondly, how many immigrants came to this country, and what percentage of them was Catholic? Our author replies with an invaluable fund of statistical material covering the various migrations from foreign countries, and estimating the number of Catholics involved on the basis of their numerical strength in the mother countries. Decade by decade the ebb and flow of the movement to these shores is measured with the finest instruments of statistical science; and even those predisposed to disagree will probably have to concede that Dr. Shaughnessy is, in the main, right. Third, what part of this immigrant population became definitely identified with life in this country?

Allowance must be made, one sees at a glance, for those who soon returned to their native lands; for those who died almost immediately; and for the fact that, owing to the large preponderance of men among the newcomers, marriage was out of the question for many. These various aspects of the problem are discussed in the present volume with exacting nicety and common sense. Fourth—and this question is of the greatest significance—what was the natural increase of the resident married immigrant population? Here Dr. Shaughnessy's calculations are of exceptional value because, though in the nature of things they could not avoid being conjectural, they are made with careful regard for all factors known to have been operative.

We have called attention to the chief elements in Dr. Shaughnessy's study for the reason that its scientific trustworthiness needs to be understood and properly evaluated. Some dubious persons have said, all this theorizing is very well, of course; but everybody knows that everywhere families—and many of them—have given up religious practice. Does not this indicate a general tendency to lapse? Yes, but everybody also knows that everywhere families—and many of them—have learned the lesson of conversion. These two groups are mutually compensatory; neither indicates a vast movement either in one direction or in another; and certainly neither warrants the assertion that whole multitudes of Catholics have been lost in the shuffle of migration. The more one ponders it and examines into its details, the more firmly one is convinced that Dr. Shaughnessy's study is absolutely sound in its major conclusions and their premises. It is authoritative. It is consoling. It is, above all, inspiring.

The gigantic task of transplanting a nation from the consecrated routine of an old world into the chaotic freedom of a new continent was completed, not, indeed, without casualties, but steadily and carefully. It was a strong faith, indeed, which the long barbarism of pioneer years could not slough into the discard with so much else of venerable custom and affectionate remembrance! Neither the rudeness of life nor the heavy financial burden of new parishes and institutions turned the poor from their religious ideal. Mr. Belloc speculates, in one of his essays, on the mission of Saint Patrick, saying that his task merely began with the conversion of Ireland and was continued later in the spiritual conquest of so many virgin lands. Certainly, that is proved to be true in the case of America; and the fidelity of the Irish is no more remarkable than that of the Germans and other racial groups. There was a multitude of reasons why the majority of immigrants should have discarded the faith of their fathers—reasons such as poverty, social ostracism, scarcity of priests, and poor instruction. But over all these the great throng triumphed, planting upon unnumbered hills the cross of penitence and resurrection.

Why was this so? Dr. Shaughnessy, looking back over the long pageant of figures arranged for his study, finds the event "providential." And perhaps the fiery martyrdom of early Christian days was really no sterner a trial than the continued spiritual starvation of pioneer days. One circumstance, however, was of crucial importance. The gates of the United States were open to a vast succession of religious men and women forced to migrate from their European foundations, and to another equally brilliant succession who came of their own free will because the need was great. It was this influx of spiritual captains, resolute as the times demanded, which made the great rescue possible. We cannot afford to lose sight of their names, for they were princely heroes in the first great effort to spiritualize American democracy. To them must go, in large measure, the credit for an achievement thus summarized by Dr. Shaughnessy: "The Church which but a century ago was, as it were, the least of churches, is now second only to Italy in the number of its residential sees, while in membership, also, it is rightfully entitled to almost the same rank. With its four representatives in the Sacred College it takes a leading place in the councils of the Holy Father, who has thus so signally honored it. The Church which but a few decades ago was calling for charity, now is almost the fountainhead itself of charity in succoring its stricken and unfortunate brethren in Europe."

There is one thing more. As the result of new laws and changed industrial conditions, the age of immigration has come to a close. While the flourishing condition of the Catholic Church in this country is due to the hard and heroic effort expended in welding together the immigrants from older lands, it is in a large measure due also to those immigrants themselves. These had been reared in the great tradition—reared staunchly and wisely. It is our task to see that their children are led as safely through the vast changes of modern civilization; through the adjustment of industrial living to standards of justice and charity; through the complex process of education; and through the turmoil of shifting standards of thought, conduct and art, which now make so hectically for disillusionment and demoralization.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IT IS impossible to conceive of a worthier or more statesmanlike gesture than Governor Smith's proposal to establish better living conditions for his poorer fellow-citizens by furthering the construction of working-class flats and apartments. It would perhaps be going too far to say that urban civilizations are to be judged by the type of accommodation they furnish for the less fortunate among their inhabitants. Judged by this standard, it is to be feared few would stand up. But it is true that to the eye of the philosopher, imposing office buildings, zoned apartments in the wealthier sectors that lift their crests to the sky, and all the rest of the power and the glory and pomp and circumstance of great capitals, lose their impressiveness and become only so many more of the social sarcasms of the time when they are shouldered by mean and insanitary dwellings wherein men who build the palaces of commerce and serve their intricacies, are forced to live, move, and have their being.

THE story of the conditions, insanitary, physically and spiritually, under which too many of the poor live in large cities, is a twice-told tale, but it does no harm to have it obtruded on our complacency once more. Mr. Bailey Burritt, president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, does not mince his words in giving the Governor's scheme the support of his experience. Tenements, "dingy, dark, and ill-ventilated," large families living in a single room that lodgers may supplant their slender income, sick and healthy sharing one bed, workmen, unable to get their proper sleep owing to noise and overcrowding, "old-law tenements" with neither heat nor baths, and rents, even for these human warrens, forced up over 100 per-cent in six years. Such do the reports of the Association show. There is conviction in their very monotony.

THERE are many material difficulties in the way of better housing for the poor wage-earner. One is the concentration of enterprise and capital on the more expensive type of building and the difficulty of securing it for those which do not offer the same ratio of profit. Another is the change in the character of downtown New York, which is slowly replacing the resident by the migratory element. Of the first, it is only necessary to say that state governments are already content to conduct many of their services on a basis that takes no account of profits, and might well become the bankers and subsidizers of a service that can at least promise moderate ones. The second might well be dealt with by such a graduated system of taxes as would encourage the erection of working-class flats on many city blocks now covered with dilapidated buildings that are only awaiting some spectacular rise in land values to be demolished. There are thousands of acres in comparatively central New York that, so far as their possibilities for decent human residence are concerned, have been lying fallow for twenty and thirty years. Should Governor Smith quit his term as State Executive for private life (or, as very many of his fellow citizens hope, for still higher honors) bequeathing us even the beginnings of a system for equitable housing, he will leave a memorial more lasting than "marble or the gilded monuments of princes."

THE steady promotion of plans to supply the city of Brooklyn with a free college all its own has given interest to a very modern aspect of higher education. Is it practicable to use the public taxes in supporting an institution for advanced cultural training? The financial burden of the schools is already very heavy; and the "niggardly taxpayer" is heard growling mightily at the prospect of 'varsity campuses and learned professors to be saddled upon him. Those who reply, state that it is always a municipal advantage to provide training in adequate measure for teachers and other public servants; that the principle underlying city colleges is no different from that which is basic to state universities; and, finally, that culture is always an inestimable civic advantage. The plaidoyer looks upon such remarks as those directed by Carlyle at the academic business of his own Edinburgh as wholly unsuited to a more modern and progressive time. It points, moreover, to the success of the College of the City of New York, which ministers to an enormous throng with the aid of a really illustrious faculty.

THIS same college has been at grips with a problem. There was a division of opinion among students and professors as to the advisability of compulsory military

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training; and no doubt the unanimity of the teaching body in favoring drill and doughboys was due to certain social and racial characteristics peculiar to the student body. It seems to have been felt that a form of preparedness might convey the lesson that there are certain American things worth defending. Abstractly, the custom requiring the college to turn out en masse for a lesson in squad geometry seems dictatorial and a little ridiculous; and most of us would sponsor the views of Professor William Bradley Otis, who came to blows with the National Security League for having affirmed that military training ought to be optional. But the whole matter is so closely linked with practical circumstances that one cannot help feeling there was a certain obligation upon Professor Otis, who is a public servant and who knew the motives governing the college faculty decision, to refrain at this time from giving encouragement to the recalcitrant. Free speech is invested with some nobility and usefulness, but it is occasionally likely to become a nuisance—as Doctor Johnson pointed out in the case of the purely theoretical woman who always talked about the Arian heresy.

IT is good news that a native newspaper, under Catholic auspices, has been started in China to counteract Soviet influences, and that it will be followed by two more, one edited by a Chinese college professor. Whatever the merits of the dispute between the foreign business interests and the labor element, it would be nothing less than a calamity were the steady infiltration of Bolshevism through political cliques and camorras to meet with no resistance from the angle of intelligent patriotism, and were the entire question left under the suspicion held by unenlightened native opinion of being a mere clash between exploiter and exploited. A great deal of the blame for the present unfortunate and perilous crisis must rest upon the intransigeance and bad temper displayed by the British in the mercantile colony when trouble first broke out.

THAT labor conditions were infamously bad in many of the factories, appears from statements incorporated in government blue-books published in London. That hostility on the part of the strikers and unions was directed markedly at British and Japanese nationals can hardly have been the result of a definite policy or of intrigue by competitors. Under such circumstances, to complain that support is reaching the "forces of disorder and violence" through "the complacency and, in some cases by the openly expressed sympathy, of American public opinion," as is charged in the current number of the London English Review, is a wilful misrepresentation of the American attitude in a dubious and complex situation which can only come from the consciousness of having a bad case to defend.

MEANTIME it must surely be to everyone's interest to see that a strong and autonomous China emerges from the embroilment, even if certain economic advantages enjoyed by privileged nations have to be scrapped in the process. All the lessons of history teach us that nothing so smooths the path of conquest as a vague message of idealism which associates the name of the coming conqueror with the promise of better things and a freer life. In all human probability, it was so with the great Mahomedan invasion of the sixth and seventh centuries. We know that it was so with the wars of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It is always some Napoleon who reaps the harvest of some Convention, and the promise to strike the shackles off a people is often the prelude to a command to lay down their arms. Those are naïve indeed who believe that Russia abdicated its racial ambitions at the time it subverted its social order, and that a new Muscovite empire, harder, more coherent and more dangerous from its very outlawry by the rest of Europe, may not be one of the unpleasant surprises the future holds in store. The foreign element in China, according to despatches from Shanghai sent by that very alert observer, Thomas F. Millard, "realize that it is no longer possible to resist or to oppose the new Chinese nationalism." This is the most cheering piece of news that has come from the Far East for a good while. The best way to keep history from repeating its disasters, is to see to it that we do not repeat its mistakes.

THE world is so thoroughly inoculated with fiction that it creeps out in the most unexpected places. Many cannot control their itch to invent. This probably accounts for the stupid press despatch concerning the Oberammergau players, represented as unanimously disillusioned by their tour of America. The imaginative writer even supplied the idea of an address which Anton Lang had memorized for the benefit of President Coolidge and had been prevented from delivering by the silent sternness of the White House atmosphere. The whole report was so stupid and tactless that it will no doubt be widely credited. It is a pleasure to note that a German woman has written to correct the error, off-setting with her testimony as a recent traveler to Oberammergau the absurdities in the despatch. Unfortunately, what she has to say will never reach the numerous places where the original document has been read and marveled at as just another example of "those damn foreigners." Perhaps there ought to be a syndicate for supplying outlying journals with criticism and correction of news-items. Such a thing might succeed were it not for the fact that many an editor would have to double the size of his issue.

THE questionnaire which the New York Times has had the enterprise to send out to fifteen representative men and women writers and publicists, upon what they consider the most promising and least redeeming trait in the American character, has had some mildly in-

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teresting results. These enquiries rarely produce any illumination of very high candlepower. Most of us, whether in the public eye or not, have a pretty firmly conceived idea of what we would most like to see in our neighbors, and our reaction to a request to name it is more valuable in the insight it affords upon our own characters than in any it projects upon theirs. One man's meat is another man's poison, and as might have been expected, the pluses and minuses in the table with which the Times sums up the replies to its circular letter, roughly cancel one another.

IF Mr. Luther Burbank finds tolerance our most encouraging trait, Mr. David Starr Jordan finds its lack our most discouraging one. Miss Agnes Repplier notes "good-will" as our most salient characteristic, whereas in the same department of conduct, Mr. William Beebe, the explorer, can detect, "undoubtedly," selfishness and jealousy. Mr. Van Loon, with racial caution, pauses only to notice a dislike of "bunk" on the part of thousands, balanced by a susceptibility to it on the part of millions. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's analysis detects freedom only in free verse, and an assault upon it in every other department of human life "at home and abroad." With other contributors, lawlessness and "too many laws" divide the honors pretty evenly. As a result of the Times questionnaire, the average American stands convicted of being a courageous, cowardly, generous, selfish, alert, inert, idealistic and materialistic, tolerant and intolerant being—who grasps and misses opportunity, applies and misapplies his energies, and makes and breaks far too many laws. In a word, it has taken fifteen keen minds to detect the sovereign misfortune under which he labors of being a human being.

PRESIDENT LOWELL was probably the first to see that during the period immediately following the war, American representatives were wholly unaware of a general European movement toward the "right." This failure to be abreast of the dominant intellectual and political movement vitiated a great deal of our best effort; and it is still essential to observe, much more carefully than is usually the case, what maxims are in force on the continent. A recent incident happens to be more than relatively illuminating. The Belgian Catholic Young People's association sponsored an enquiry among the students of Louvain concerning the question—"Who among the writers of the past twenty-five years do you consider your masters?" When the report was assembled, those in charge were not a little astounded. A full majority of the votes had been cast for M. Charles Mauras, the intellectual spokesman of the French Royalists, while the next largest number was cast for the very conservative Paul Bourget. What was more unusual, nobody selected a Belgian writer; and practically nobody spoke in favor of the great among the "liberals." These young people apparently had made a wholesale surrender to certain ideas of disciplined reform, which their elders —and leaders—regard critically and often with ill-will. We ought to take them into account because, noting their similarity to numerous other groups throughout Europe, we must recognize in them a force making toward a different kind of civic consciousness than we have known during the past generation. Many factors are in the background, not the least effective being the conviction that certain forms of degeneracy must be checked if the western world is to live. Once again there stirs a resolve to create a true and effective aristocracy, to carry on the tradition of order, and to pursue unswervingly the race's cultural destinies.

THE storm in a teacup that has been provoked by the suggestion that the father of his country shared some of the minor frailties of his day and generation, made by Mr. Rupert Hughes in the course of an address to the Sons of the Revolution at Washington, seems at first sight a peculiarly inane affair, and proves once more with what a sprat as bait the whale of publicity will permit himself to be hooked and gaffed. One imagines the great general and patriot, who was, in all practical affairs of daily life, singularly human and level-headed, watching all the pother from the Valhalla of his attainment with a rather detached smile. To threaten to become a test case between two schools of history who might be defined as the halo-hangers and the much-rakers is not a destiny that his magnificent career in peace and war ever deserved. "Gossip about Queen Elizabeth" has long been a synonym in England for futility. Gossip about George Washington is not likely ever to disturb the inherent reputation of the man, than whom, to quote John Richard Green, the English historian, "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's history."

TO say all this, however, is not to deny that there is some justice in the protest, voiced rather tactlessly and out of season, by Mr. Rupert Hughes, and repeated more reasonably by others who have taken part in the discussion, against the tendency of a certain class of mind to resent anything that disturbs its preconceived ideas of greatness. In every country there is a certain type of patriot whose devotion to the great figures in his nation's past seems to take the form of not wanting to know anything about them beyond the label that posterity has affixed. Such a man is apt to be disturbed and indignant when the intellectual curiosity of others threatens to supply what is missing. A certain number of anecdotes and poems have found lodgment in his mind during its receptive stage, without arousing any desire to know more. These withered and sterile symbols he insists shall be offered as a complete historical ration to more enquiring minds. It is largely owing to his mental inertness that the record of America, 300 years after the settlement at

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Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, is still being written piecemeal, and that no such authoritative history as, for instance, Taine's Origins of Contemporary France yet stands to the credit of American scholarship. It is in great part due to his ubiquitous presence upon boards of education that the partiality to which The Commonweal referred two weeks ago, in commenting upon the founding of Maryland, has been allowed to create a positive hiatus in the fabric of American history as taught in schools. Luckily the signs of the times indicate that the heyday of his control is nearing an end. American scholars are alive to the fact that the history of their country is a very vivid and very complex affair, with all manner of implications, social, economic, and political, which may be traced to their sources without patriotism being endangered in the process. They are growing a little restive at the container clapped on their legitimate curiosity by big rich boys who never grew up.

THE season's oratory on the subject of pigskins included numerous addresses by college presidents, in variegated colors and styles. Dr. Richmond of Union College, who so far as we know, has never applauded a winning team, analyzed the subject of coaches with fine logic and authoritativeness; and the "prexie" of Dartmouth, famous in football, brought down the house when he said that he could avoid the subject of Dartmouth athletics because they spoke for themselves. Though there is a lot of room between these two points of view, it has all been crammed to bursting with remarks straight from the inner office. Suggestions for improvement have been showered upon players, students and alumni, so that there is an interesting job ahead for an experienced cataloguer. "Red" Grange has been sighed over, pitied and denounced. But we doubt if any of the college presidents noticed a little item which appeared in an eastern newspaper: "Mr.————is home with his parents from ————College, where he is a stellar half-back. Having wrenched his knee in the game with ————, he feels it would not be worth while going to school until next fall, when he can get back into the game." We wondered a little at the singular indifference of this hero to professors and credits until we showed the item to a friendly sports-writer. He told us he could get a hundred clippings to match. We really are most interested in seeing how long our alma maters are going to float the biggest bluff in academic history. We are scanning the horizon for an honest president who will say—"Gentlemen, the amount we expended this year on football was so much; the receipts were so much. The balance is therefore very encouraging." Nothing would be more likely to make a favorable impression upon the trustees.

FATHER HUDSON'S Ave Maria has printed a letter from Cardinal Gasquet which is of such great interest that we offer no apology for reprinting it here: "Herbert Spencer's last years were passed in Brighton; and there I sometimes met him. My brother, Dr. Gasquet, used frequently to have visits from him, and now and then I had a chat with him. My brother was then dying, and he and Spencer often had long talks on philosophy, for my brother, though a medical man, was deeply read in metaphysics and theology. One day I was waiting in the lower room to see Spencer, who was above with my brother. When he came down, he said to me—'That man is the most wonderful man I have known. He can discuss almost every question of interest to me, especially when I, at the close of my life, have come to see that so many of the things which I have previously taken for granted as proved by science, have become uncertain or have been disproved.' He added—'I fear your brother will not last long, and to me it has been a revelation to find a man with absolute faith. I would give everything I have and am, to have his faith.'" This little reminiscence is of great value: it gives a fresh impression of Spencer which ought to have weight with those upon whose shoulders scientifically-begot agnosticism sits so very lightly; and it should mean something to those of the Household who are too often wont to forget that faith is a gift, the absence of which in any man must, in charity, not be angrily resented but accepted with a sympathetic heart.

WITH the death of Percy Fitzgerald, the historian and critic, at the very advanced age of ninety-one, a link to the past, of particular interest to Catholics, is broken. Mr. Fitzgerald, who was born in County Louth in 1834, and who was a classmate at Stonyhurst of the naturalist, Waterton, was a man of many activities, although in the words of the elder Ward he might have described his preferences as "dramatic and dogmatic." The mere list of his printed work is portentous in its length and variety. As a writer on the stage of the eighteenth century, very few, if any, surpassed him in erudition, and his work never fell below a very high level of fine and graceful writing. He was also, until fairly recent years, a busy barrister at the Dublin courts, and, as though all this were not enough, found time for sculpture of such a competent order that monuments from his hand to Boswell, Johnson, and Cardinal Manning, stand in public places. His faith was of a singularly simple and sunny order. The Layman's Day would be hard to surpass as a manual of practical devotion for the laity, and his Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Social Practice is a handbook no historian of the nineteenth century can afford to neglect. His modest fortune of $150,000 is bequeathed "in toto" to religious purposes, and the touching proviso is added that some of the Masses for which money is provided shall be said "by priests in the poorer parts of France." In Percy Fitzgerald a great Catholic gentleman passes from our midst.

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BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

A FEW years ago if you asked the average American what he knew about Brazil, he would sum up his knowledge in the words of Charlie's Aunt—that it was the land "where the nuts come from." The world war and the whole-hearted coöperation of Brazil on the side of the Allies have brought this mighty region of South America into a prominence it never had before, and now that the conflict has died we are left with a consciousness of a great Brazilian nation and a much placarded advertisement of its guest coffees; while the history of the Brazilian empire and republic, the character of its people and their life, remain, generally speaking, unexplored departments of geography and ethnology.

There remains to be written in English a proper account of the marvelous missionary exploits, such as those of Padre Vieira and his companions, in these great regions, perhaps the most fertile parts of the terrestrial globe: the colonial civilization of the emperors of the House of Braganza and the foundation of the rather plutocratic republic that has continued to flourish to our own days. That the destinies of Brazil are among the prodigies of the future is indicated in the names of its greater sons in recent years—such as Castro Alves, Machado de Assis, José Verissimo, Olavo Bilac, Graca Aranha, and Oliveira Lima.

Here we are particularly concerned with the literature, with the purer branch of it illustrated in its poetry. In Brazil, as in all Latin countries, especially the South American republics, the poets are the lawgivers, governors, and diplomats. Sometimes when the question may be provoked regarding the civilian qualities of some of these poets, our southern friends may raise a counter question concerned with the poetical qualities of some of our North American men of affairs. Might there not be some improvement in the South with a less poetical régime, and a greater good accomplished with some literary quality in our own public officials? The question is a serious one as well as comic.

"The Brazilian of today represents," as Dr. Isaac Goldberg states in his excellent Brazilian Literature, "three ethnic strains: first, the Portuguese; second, the native Indian; third, the African Negro who was brought in as a slave by the Portuguese." The legendary character of its early history may be noted in the fact that Brazil was really supposed to be the Hy-Breasail of old Irish mythology. It was during the sixteenth century, an epoch famous in Portugal for the appearance of Camoens, Sá de Miranda and Gil Vicente, that the life of the nation took its beginnings and developed along strongly literary and humanistic lines, culminating in the flourishing state of its history, poetry, art, and fiction of today.

The language of Brazil is Portuguese—if not the Portuguese of Lisbon. "The tongue of Brazil," says João Ribeiro in A Lingua Nacional, "breathes the gentleness of the climate and of the character of its inhabitants: it has gained in usage and in the expression of tender sentiments, and while it has preserved all its energy, it possesses more amenity," resulting, as Costa declares, in "a language impregnated with poesy and languor, quite different from that spoken in Portugal."

Coelho Netto states in one of his novels: "They say Brazil has a population of about thirteen millions: of that number, 12,800,000 cannot read. Of the remaining 200,000, 150,000 read only the newspapers, 50,000 read French books, 30,000 read translations, 15,000 and others read the Catechism and pious books, 2,000 study Auguste Comte, and 1,000 purchase Brazilian works."

In spite of all this, the quality of the native poets and recent novelists of Brazil is of extraordinary excellence and presents a marvelous exotic bouquet of rare beauty to the reader wearying of European traditions.

A NATION AND ITS MINES

COAL mining as it figures in the present lingering dispute has three immediate practical results. It builds up the kind of civilization found among the hills of Pennsylvania—a tattered, poor, struggling civilization, often living on the margin of a final crust. It pays the dividends which make investors happy—dividends which even this year were, in the case of some companies directly concerned, twelve times the value of the total original investment, and which can be cashed anywhere on sight. Finally, it offers the public a chance to free vast and crowded cities of the soot and privation which inevitably result from the use of substitute fuels. Obviously, there exists a plain and necessary relation among these three consequences of coal. So long as that relation is not properly adjusted, trouble and suffering will occur.

Perhaps a sufficiently suitable adjustment may be seen in Primier Baldwin's recent action. That suggests, at least, one thing for which there is imperative need—study of the coal industry by men representing the government and qualified for the task. Armed with the findings of the study, the federal administration could recommend a line of conduct supported by public opinion. It certainly would be much better prepared to do so than Justice Hughes or any similar individual. Flirtations with the idea of government operation are pastimes unworthy of constructive statesmanship. Perhaps England will come, in time, to adopt the system of a unified, nationally-owned coal and power industry; but what can be accomplished in a small and industrially organized island is no augury for what can be done in the United States. For us, the business of hard coal will continue to produce the three results we have mentioned. How to coördinate them, how to stabilize them, happens to be a burning question about which it is reasonable to expect that the government will lose no time informing itself.

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A TRILOGY OF TRUTH

By CONDÉ B. PALLEN

THE TWO most notable English books of the first quarter of the twentieth century have been written by the same man, G. K. Chesterton—Orthodoxy, published in 1908, and The Everlasting Man, in 1925. Orthodoxy was written in answer to a challenge flung at Mr. Chesterton by one of the moderns who smarted under the flaming barb of his criticism.

The moderns, Shaw, Kipling, Wells, and others, who strutted around the arena as conquering gladiators, were posing as expounders of the meaning of life under the flaunting banner of all the heresies of the hour. Heterodoxy was the only orthodoxy. Every man's opinion was as good as every other man's, and every man's opinion mattered. Doctrine and dogma did not matter. "A man's opinion on tramcars matters, his opinion on Botticelli matters . . . everything matters—except everything." All the anarchies of negation mattered, but the universe and its ultimate meaning—the one completely positive thing—was ruled out of court. It was this attitude that Mr. Chesterton had assaulted in his Heretics.

It is all very well, complained one of the heretics, for Mr. Chesterton to assail our philosophies, but what about his own? Orthodoxy is the answer. Mr. Chesterton bases his position on the "Christian theology (sufficiently summarized in the Apostles' Creed) as the best root of energy and sound ethics." The seat of the authority of that creed and its source, he does not discuss. "But if anyone wants my opinion about the actual nature of that authority," declared Mr. Chesterton, "Mr. G. S. Street (the challenging heretic) has only to throw me another challenge and I will write him another book." The other book is The Everlasting Man, after a lapse of seventeen years, not in answer to any individual heretic's challenge, but in face of a much changed world of speculation, since Orthodoxy revealed a new Saint George slaying the old dragon.

Mr. Chesterton avowed that Orthodoxy was only his personal adventure in discovering Christianity, the story of how from an agnostic he became a Christian. It was an exposition of the grounds of his assault on the moderns, and an answer to all the things which the moderns grievously left unanswered. The mechanical theory of the universe (a cosmic clock wound up, nobody knows how or why) he pursues to its ultimate lair, the cell of a madhouse. The naturalistic explanation of the world is not only lunacy, but the suicide of thought. Men cease to know what they know. Reason wrecked, freedom is broken on the wheel of scientific scepticism. Life ends in bankruptcy.

The modern attack upon Christianity was a series of negations, but Mr. Chesterton found life running furiously counter to these negations, and life can only be answered by a positive explanation. Life is made up of paradoxes. The negations denied every one of them. Out of the brawling conflicts, Christianity alone emerged intact. Historically, Mr. Chesterton found Christianity on the side of the sanities, and the heresies on the side of the insanities. He came to Christianity, not by reading Christian apologetics, but by reading agnostic polemics.

Since the appearance of Orthodoxy in 1908, a whole deluge has swept under the bridge, and the bridge has gone down into the raging waters. The moderns were plunged in the boiling maelstrom and nearly drowned. It was all so unexpected and so contrary to their perfervid predictions of the first decade of the twentieth century. By the middle of the second decade the flood had burst over them; the flood was the world war, and apparently it has changed the face of the earth. Civilization had failed the moderns—the civilization that was to bring everlasting peace and perpetual progress. Everlasting peace was knocked into a cocked hat, and progress had eaten itself up. In Flanders Fields the dragons of science and progress devoured humanity with bloody fangs, for four insatiable years, and the whole earth shook with the earthquake. The moderns were overwhelmed, stunned. Civilized man had confounded the moderns. He was too civilized to ever fight again, but he did. Progress was his new god, and the new Moloch crunched him to bits in its ponderous iron jaws.

The moderns, shaken and bewildered, crawled out on the ensanguined banks of time amid the world's débris. Their philosophies had to be readjusted. The process began, and they revived an old story—it is called evolution. In the 'eighties of the last century, that story was rampant. It was as thoroughly popularized as it is today. It fairly sizzled in magazine, pamphlet, book, and in the newspaper. Evolution covered a multitude of follies then as it does now. It is a theory pat to the mind that wants to find an easy explanation of "things" and escape the responsibility of thinking. Its flag flies flauntingly above the rehabilitated citadel of the moderns, and the old fight goes on under the old new name.

Mr. Chesterton carries on in The Everlasting Man. He, too, is in a new position, new, though essentially the same. In Orthodoxy his weapon was the Catholic mind; in The Everlasting Man it is the Catholic soul. Since writing Orthodoxy he has become a Catholic. In Orthodoxy he wielded the weapons of Catholic truth with splendid skill and brilliant effect, but he was still an outsider, albeit a profoundly sympathetic and

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prescient outsider. He then was with the Church. He now is with and of it. He sees the splendid vision from the inside; he has achieved the Holy Grail. Orthodoxy was intellectually Catholic; The Everlasting Man is spiritually Catholic, the complement of Orthodoxy and, up to date, the most notable book of the twentieth century in the English tongue.

Evolution as a philosophical speculation, is a theory, doctrine, or dogma that man has emerged by a gradual process through long ages from lower brute forms to homo sapiens. He is still essentially brute; he differs only in degree from his bestial progenitors. The moderns plaster the magic word evolution everywhere; history begins and ends with it; religion is solved by it; it pervades literature like a rank perfume; art revels in it; sociology and psychology and all the other 'ologies reek with its effluvia. It explains everything but itself. The word "has the fatal quality of leaving on many minds the impression that they do understand it and everything else; just as many of them live under a sort of illusion that they have read the Origin of Species." Under its spell man merges back into nature, and, lo, he is accounted for.

Mr. Chesterton challenges this illusion, sharply, ringingly, and characteristically. Man is the one creature that stands out abnormally against the background of nature. He is the monstrous exception to everything else. He bestrides the earth like a god, and in relation to all other races below him, he is of a race of gods. Mr. Chesterton acutely observes, "it is customary to insist that man resembles the other creatures. Yes; and that very resemblance he alone can see. The fish does not trace the fish-bone pattern in the fowls of the air; or the elephant and the emu compare skeletons. Even in the sense in which man is at one with the universe, it is an utterly lonely universality. The very sense that he is united with all things is enough to sunder him from all." Man is not only not explained by averring that he comes from the brute, but, in contrast with the brute, is the colossal inexplicable of the universe.

What, then, is this strange creature called man? Relegating prehistoric man, whom the professors love to draw to the life, to the the darkness of their ignorance covered up by their impudence, Mr. Chesterton limns the story of mankind in a luminous picture of those salient things of which history gives us record. Civilization has not evolved from a primitive savagery, but primitive savagery—and there is plenty of primitive savagery that is contemporary—is a decline from primitive civilization. This is a universal human tradition and is not to be sneezed out of court merely to make way for an improved hypothesis. The fall of man is a tremendous fact in human tradition and in human consciousness, and cannot be set aside by the clumsy legerdemain of spelling "fall" into "rise."

With infinite zest and penetration, Mr. Chesterton sketches, or rather visualizes for us the story of ancient man. It is not history sketched in outline, that easy habit of encyclopedic imitation so generally indulged in nowadays by writers of quick sellers to catch a hasty public, that Mr. Chesterton puts before us, but history from the inside coördinated and clarified by the light of the first principles of a large and solidly grounded philosophy. The ancient order culminated in the colossus of Rome under Augustus. Man had built up his fluctuating empires and his civilizations, made his religions, his mythologies and his philosophies, groping after the one supreme thing which he could not find, and ended in a giant polity, whose splendor and power were merely a mask for the universal corruption beneath its mighty aegis. This is the story with which part first of The Everlasting Man deals. It ends with the failure and decay of heathen man, in the sad and weary society of the ancient Roman world embracing all civilized paganism. The old world had reached its highest and strongest in Rome. Man had accomplished his unaided most and he was sick unto death. It was the fullness of Time.

Part second of The Everlasting Man—On the Man Who Was Christ—harkens back most closely to Orthodoxy. It is Orthodoxy in the complementary fullness of what was there promised. Here Mr. Chesterton strikes his most transcendent and fullest note. It is like the sounding of trumpets to the four corners of the heavens. It is here he discusses the source and authority of the Apostles' Creed which he refrained from discussing in Orthodoxy. In the second part of The Everlasting Man he is answering that second challenge, from no individual heretic, but from the full chorus of the secularized philosophies of the present day ululating in the name of syncopated evolution.

Just as the creature man stands uniquely against the background of nature, so the Man who is Christ stands out uniquely and transcendently over against the background of history and His own contemporary world, and is not to be accounted for by either. The ancient world had groped blunderingly and darkly after God and failed to find Him. It confused Him with the works of His hands, yet all the while felt the need of Him. The world could not explain itself. It realized that there was a plan of the world and that somehow there was a Planner, but Who and What was He? Then, suddenly, right in the middle of the apogee of paganism, when it was at its height and on the very eve of its colossal failure, the Man Who made the world came into the world. He was the one enormous exception to everything that had preceded Him and that was contemporary with Him. He taught a strange and unique doctrine, a doctrine which was as much an exception to all the religions, mythologies, and philosophies of all the days before Him as of the day in which He lived. He declared that He was not only sent from God but He was God, something which no other religious founder ever pretended to be. He founded an institution to which He gave His own power and authority,

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utterly unlike anything mankind had ever known, an institution as unique in the religious world as He Himself was among religious founders. That institution was and is the Catholic Church which still teaches what He taught, with all the authority He bestowed upon it. Neither He nor His institution is explicable save by Him and by itself as the perpetuation of Him on earth, for both stand over against all human history as the two enormous exceptions, which nothing fits but which fit everything. The Church is the key that unlocks all the wards of the world's enigmas.

That institution still proclaims and teaches the truths confided to it by Christ with the same vigor and fullness as the day it first preached in pentecostal tongues. It is the same good news of salvation and the means of salvation in and by and through the Man, Christ, Who is God, the same wonderful message that the Man Who made the world, came to save the world, and still abides with the world in the plenitude of His power and authority in the institution which He founded and grounded on the pillars of truth, the Catholic Church over which He placed Peter and his successors forever.

The Everlasting Man shows the same vigor, sweep, insight, and brilliancy, as dazzled us in Orthodoxy. Paradox, epigram, wit, humor, flash on every page, in every paragraph. The book is the tremendous paradox of the Man Who is Christ and His Church. Orthodoxy depicted Mr. Chesterton's personal adventure in discovering Christianity. The Everlasting Man depicts humanity's great adventure, not in discovering, but in receiving the Light of the World. "For it was the soul of Christendom," says Mr. Chesterton in his concluding words, "that came forth from the incredible Christ; and the soul of it was common sense. Though we could not look on His face, we could look on His fruits; and by His fruits we should know Him. The fruits are solid and the fruitfulness is much more than a metaphor; and nowhere in this sad world are boys happier in apple trees, nor men in more equal chorus singing as they tread the vine, than under the fixed flash of this instant and intolerant enlightenment; the lightning made eternal as the light."

SONGS OUT OF SLAVERY

By CARY F. JACOB

THE Book of American Negro Spirituals* has gone into a second printing; whereas Eight Negro Songs from Bedford County, Virginia** has attracted very little attention. My complaint is not that one collection has taken precedence over the other, but rather that, where the two are so obviously complementary, both should not have received an equally enthusiastic welcome; for both furnish an important part in our wonderfully rich treasure of Afro-American music.

Simplicity, dignity, and power of a peculiar sort are found in the Negro spiritual. Humor, pathos, and individuality are outstanding qualities in the secular songs. Among the colored race, folk music still flourishes, although the sources of development are markedly different from those of past years. Plantation, factory, river life—all still make for the creation and preservation of communal interests which find expression in song. Every tobacco factory resounds with a richness of music most incongruous and weird when contrasted with the oppressive heat and the pungent smell of the place. Of course, the factory is something comparatively new; but conditions on the plantations and on the boats are more conducive to communal music than they have been in recent years, simply because there now are fewer restrictions upon freedom of action than formerly.

The only type of Negro music which has suffered a serious decline is the spiritual. This loss of popularity is due to a change in attitude among the Negroes themselves. They are more self-consciously religious than they used to be. They are more desirous of imitating the whites. Because of increased educational advantages, they have gained a knowledge of biblical narrative which fetters their imagination and leaves them less free to create new interpretations of familiar stories and experiences. The result is that they no longer can be satisfied to string together, somewhat loosely and incoherently, the elements from which they used to weave their songs. Religion as a racial experience is being suppressed. Just as a similar change is rapidly taking place among the white Baptists and Methodists of America, so, too, among their black brethren there is a marked tendency toward formality in worship. Shouting and uncontrolled exhorting are now frowned upon.

As marking an advance in civilization, this new attitude is to be received with favor. Yet, as it forces upon the Negro an alteration of customs, inevitable in passing from a lower to a higher state of culture, it represents the discontinuance of folk-ways which have afforded large opportunity for communal expression of important race characteristics. However much one may lament this change, every thoughtful person must recognize that the Negro cannot advance socially and

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* *The Book of American Negro Spirituals, edited with an introduction by James Weldon Johnson; musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.*

** *Eight Negro Songs from Bedford County, Virginia, collected by Francis H. Abbot; edited by Alfred J. Swan. New York: Enoch and Sons. $1.50.*

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at the same time retain the habits of his ancestors. However much those who have his education in hand may wish to preserve his traditions and his customs, however great the racial pride which they seek to foster in him, if they succeed in changing his mode of life until it parallels that of the whites, he cannot escape the same shackling of his emotions as the latter themselves have experienced, and as has made of them an inarticulate race.

That the younger generation of whites finds this throttling very hard to bear is evidenced in its daily rebellion against convention and in its seeking recreation through a return to exactly the orgic type of music and dancing which the Negro gradually is abandoning. How the Negro will react when compelled to undergo still further suppression is difficult to imagine and foolish to attempt to predict. Certainly it is not to be supposed that he, too, will not need to seek some sublimation of his hedonistic tendencies, tendencies which the white race never has been able to shake off even partially, much less completely. In fact, I am more than inclined to think that our present era of lawlessness is due in a surprisingly large degree to the lack of communal expression for those states of emotion which call for activity at any price. Periods of overwork followed by hours of purposeless loafing or of watching in our motion-picture houses the violent actions of the screen are compelled to bring unfortunate results, especially to minds which have as their background no cultural tradition to draw upon.

Certainly, the folk-ways of neither Europe nor Africa have ever offered ideal conditions to which we may now fondly look back. If they had, there would have been less of a rush to this continent than past years have shown. Nevertheless, in a retention of some of these forms of community interest seems to lie at least one outlet for misdirected energy. What have we of the white race to offer the American Negro that will compensate him for the loss of the emotional release which he has experienced in his barbaric public worship? What have we to present to our own young men and women which will keep them from developing tendencies too violently anti-social before the coming to them of those years when they, as middle-aged men and women, instinctively turn from the spectacular forms of self-expression to seek happiness in the establishment of family and home?

The folk music of the Negro, as I know it in America, shows a decided superiority to that of the whites. In the first place, the Negro, being of a free and open nature, is naturally musical. The primitive white as he is left in out-of-the-way nooks of the Appalachian mountains is stoical and suppressed to a degree; and he does not turn readily to any form of artistic expression. Even when religion does not prevent him from singing and dancing, he does both with a painfully self-conscious air. His dancing is stiff, and his songs are unimaginative and lacking in tunefulness. One of the first things which the public-school teacher has to do for the mountaineer is to make him feel that amusement is not sin, and that for boys and girls to sing and dance together is natural. Nevertheless, the outsider who sees them at play does not usually carry away with him a very strong conviction as to either its naturalness or its spontaneity. They cannot let themselves go. The Negro, on the other hand, turns to all forms of diversion with a degree of abandon the more astonishing when one considers that the two groups have grown up under somewhat similar conditions. For the ancestors of many of these whites came to America as indentured servants. Their children have worked in the fields side by side with Negroes, and their homes have not been an improvement upon the black man's cabin. In fact, the Negro can live happily and thriftily under conditions which spell degradation and misery for the white man, and which stifle in him every possibility of normal emotional outlet, even though he may at times show a surprising degree of mental alertness and vigor of an austere type. I do not mean by this that the white man is without a sense of humor. In fact, often there is a shrewd twinkle in his eye, and he may be highly amused at himself and at others without his giving vent to his emotions in the uproarious fashion which is habitual with the Negro; but, even where the Negro's humor may be sly, the white man's is canny. Perhaps that is because so large a proportion of the southern mountaineers is of Scotch ancestry.

I am not altogether sure that I appreciate all aspects of Negro humor, although the naïveté of much of it finds with me a ready response. I remember that at harvest time, at threshing, and at curing tobacco I often was allowed to ride with my grandfather over his plantation and to amuse myself with the Negroes while he was attending to business. I cannot forget the numerous occasions on which I was badly frightened by what I supposed was going to be a fight to the death among Negroes of my acquaintance. They would begin to quarrel. Their voices would rise louder and louder. Finally, they would seize a tobacco stick, a cutting knife, a stone, or anything else which happened to be at hand, and would make at each other. Just as I was convinced that the final destruction of one or the other was about to take place, the disputants suddenly would break into a perfect guffaw of laughter and would go back to their work wreathed in smiles, and chaffing each other in a most friendly and affectionate manner. Something of the same kind I have seen since then among Latin peoples. Their violent arguments followed by the hand-shake and the parting in perfect amity are still to me incomprehensible mental conditions.

Neither do I as yet understand the laughter which follows the singing of many of the Negro songs. The nonsense syllables of which they are made are to me without significance; and Negroes have told me that they themselves do not attach any meaning to them.

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Yet, the Negroes laugh, even though the melody and rhythm have left me with an impression of plaintiveness and unreality. To say that the syllables are those of words, the meaning of which the Negroes have forgotten and that their purport is humorous, does not account for the retention of the laugh. I hardly can see how the Negroes can continue to laugh unless they still feel that in either the words or the music is something decidedly funny.

Although the words of Negro spirituals tend toward the personal rather than toward the communal, nevertheless, as the songs are developed in the process of being sung, they are unquestionably communal. I have heard them rendered both as solos and as choruses. Yet, I have felt always that they gained their full significance only when they were the outpouring of the religious experiences of the group. They are distinctly choral in character. Even when they are not sung with four-part harmonies, the effect is not that of singing in unison, because the different voices chime in more or less at will, and because there is prevalent a most peculiar and delightful manner of singing off-key and of introducing notes and embellishments which cannot be written in terms of our staff, and which very few white singers can even imitate. The vibrance of the Negro voice and the unique swing of the rhythm likewise are qualities which defy reproduction. Much of the effect of freshness and vigor is due, I think, quite as much to this as to the extempore character of Negro singing; for, even when the songs are repeated exactly, as in the case of graphophone records, the result is a type of music like nothing known to Europeans.

The humor of the spiritual is unintentional. It is there for the educated white man simply because he cannot help smiling at the childlikeness of conception behind the product. In the spiritual, as in the secular songs, however, there is often another type of unintentional humor which is the result of natural lightheartedness and which saves even the most serious of Negro compositions from becoming tragic. This quality appears very clearly in the Abbot collection in a song called Who's Gon' Bring You Chicken? The lover evidently has been arrested for stealing the chickens which he has presented to his sweetheart, and he now is consoling her at the same time that he is attempting to make her feel the calamity of losing him.

> "Six mont's in jail ain' so long, Babeh;
> Six mont's in jail ain' so long. Aw—Darlin',
> Hit's wuckin' on that county farm!"

That final touch seems to me inimitable, and typically Negroid. Six months in jail means no more than six months of just what the lover is accustomed to every day—work on a farm.

Of a more broadly humorous nature is Muh Regulah Dram, from the same collection. In this song, the lover is extolling the virtues of different drinks. He stops in the midst of his commendations to say to his girl—"How does I talk, Babeh?" and she answers—"Talk all right." The change in voice and in manner which must accompany this shift from speaker to speaker requires much skill; but, when the transition is made effectively, the result is most amusing.

This reminds me that, although some of these secular songs are lyrics in that, like the spirituals, they are frequently in the first person and often show personal emotion, nevertheless they seem to possess all the other elements of ballad music whatever theory of origin be applied to them. I myself have heard especially gifted Negroes compose songs in which the others joined, and to which all added as time went on; and I have heard, too, a song start with a worker, and, before he had gone more than a dozen words, others take up his thought and his melody and develop them.

When the Southern railway was doubling its tracks between Charlottesville and Lynchburg, Virginia, on one occasion the money for paying off the hands did not arrive as usual. I recall very distinctly that on the next morning, a Negro shoveling, began to sing—

> "O, captain, you got to pay me my money,
> If you wants me to work for you."

This is as far as he got toward a song; for here others of the gang took the composition away from him, and collectively began to tell of the failure of "the boss man" to fulfil his contract. I always have been sorry that I did not write down both the words and the melody.

Another song, one from many years prior to this occurrence, seems to have been similarly limited to a single community. Certainly I never have heard it sung elsewhere, nor have I found anyone who has heard it. The accompaniment was usually beaten on the bottom of a tin bucket. The words were these: "Shew, rabbit, shew!" Not another syllable! But there were moans and turns and an endless repetition through fairly numerous variations of melody.

As compared with the English and Scottish ballads, the narrative element in Negro folk-song seems decidedly limited, and the subjects for treatment are few and not well developed. English and Scottish ballads are far more varied in theme, but they become incomparably more formalized in the course of their development. However, where the Negro really distances English folk music is in the musical setting of his words. His musical themes, even in the crude form in which he uses them, show great power and originality. Although unusually simple, many of them are entrancingly lovely. I cannot think of anything of its kind more replete with feeling than is Dat Lonesome Road from the Abbot collection.

This leads me to say, however, that I do not find in Negro music the tragic quality which many attribute to it. There are weirdness and pathos and mirth—but I do not find the genuine heartbreak. Neither can I

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see in the music of slavery any peculiarities which the music of the free Negro in Africa does not possess. All is tinged with melancholy; but something has thus far saved the Negro, both there and under southern skies, from the tragedy which I am afraid he is doomed to meet as he attempts to rise in civilization and as he comes in competition with a more intense industrialism than has as yet prevailed in the South. It seems to me that I heard in The Emperor Jones something much nearer to the real tragedy of the Negro race than I have as yet discovered in any work of art which the Negro himself has produced. It would seem that, until now, his religion has saved him from despair by enabling him to find release for his emotional tensions and by offering him a recompense in the future for every ill which he has been forced to endure upon earth. This belief in eternal salvation is so deeply grounded in his nature that even the most sorrow-laden of his songs shows its influence; and some that might well be expected to display greater soberness actually become jubilant as a result of the way in which they are sung. The disposition of the Negro is so sunny that in spite of its tendency toward melancholy, the combination of these two elements—happiness and melancholy—gives to his music one of its especial charms.

Hence, those who wish to sing Negro songs with anything approaching the Negro's barbaric unction hardly can avoid making a trip to the South and spending many hours in sweltering factories, blistering fields, and badly ventilated churches. Negro music as Broadway presents it is a lamentable travesty. Yet, there is coming a most welcome change in the arrival of several Negroes with truly lovely voices, so well trained as to be capable of interpreting with dignity and sincerity the folk music of their own people.

THE ABBEY THEATRE COMES OF AGE

By CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

ON DECEMBER 27, 1925, the Abbey theatre, Dublin, brought together a happy, reminiscent fellowship of its old collaborators and playgoers to mark its twenty-first birthday. The old plays were played by actors old and new, to an audience which filled the theatre, not with its presence merely but with presiding memories of absent writers and actors, some dead, some over-seas, and of the old warm friendships, quarrels, and enthusiasms which are the quick life of the theatre and the brave music of youth. How dimly foreseen by the workers of twenty-one years ago was the interlude in which Lady Gregory—the charwoman of the Abbey, as Bernard Shaw once called her—recited their achievements to the Minister for Finance who recently endowed the Abbey and constituted it the only state-endowed theatre in the English-speaking world.

Present success is less interesting in the telling than early struggles or speculations on the future, and to find the origin of the National Theatre society which controls the Abbey theatre, it is necessary to go back to the obscure efforts of two brothers, Frank and W. G. Fay, to form an Irish dramatic company. It is true that before the National Theatre society was formed, a group of guarantors, of whom W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn, George Moore, and Douglas Hyde were the chief members, had founded the Irish Literary theatre in 1898, engaged an English company of actors, and arranged for annual performances in 1899, 1900, and 1901, of new plays by Yeats, Martyn, and Moore. But this was, in great measure, a false start. Intelligent, regular audiences could not be built up on merely annual performances; foreign actors were hopelessly out of place on a national stage; and so, that collaboration of author, actor, and audience which makes drama, was impossible. George Moore has given an account in Ave of the composition of Diarmuid and Grania, one of the plays so produced, but amusing as this tale is, it was hardly less amusing than the struggles of English actors to arrive at some intelligent unanimity in the interpretation of characters from an Irish saga, or even in the pronunciation of their names.

About this time, as I am told, George Moore came one evening to George Russell (A. E.) to read him the first act of this play. A. E. found it very bad and when Moore had gone, A. E., believing he could do better himself, sat down and wrote the first act of his Deirdre, although at that time he had not been four times inside a theatre. Having written the first act, he laid it aside until a few years after, when Standish O'Grady wrote to him to send him something to fill out the columns of his All Ireland Review, as he was ill and could write nothing. A. E. remembered his drafted act and sent it to O'Grady, who printed it.

All this time the Fays had been obscurely at work from the other end. W. G. Fay is a comedian of quite unusual power, full of invention and fancy, and with an experience won from rich and grotesque adventures with low-class traveling companies through Ireland. Frank Fay nourished ambitions of a higher order. He was essentially a man of the theatre, steeped in its traditions and fascinated by its contemporary development in Europe. These were the days of Ibsen, the Théâtre Antoine and of the Moscow Art theatre. And, therefore, gathering and holding together a little company who played here and there in Dublin to patriotic clubs or temperance and workingmen's so-

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cieties, he held to his vision of a similar theatre movement in Ireland and of his function in it. Accordingly, when the first act of Deirdre was printed, the two brothers called upon A. E. and asked his permission to put it in rehearsal. A. E. did not know them and they were somewhat awed by him. He gave them his first act and they rehearsed it; came back and asked for a second act, which he wrote in another evening; and finally for the third act, which he wrote when the second was in rehearsal.

Approving their work, he wrote to Yeats and Lady Gregory that he thought he had found the actors they required. Yeats came to other rehearsals and so the union of forces, which formed the National Theatre society, came about in 1902. In 1901, two plays only had been produced. In 1902, the year of junction with the Fays, six plays were put on, including A. E.'s Deirdre and Yeats's Kathleen ni Houlihan. In 1903, with the accession of Synge and Padraic Colum, the ultimate success of the theatre was assured. The Fays gave continuity to the movement when continuity was most necessary, for at this time Yeats did not live in Dublin. They spent themselves in the work of training the new actors who were, of course, unpaid, and had other daily occupations. Above all, they impressed upon the company their own single-minded earnestness, a rigorous self-restraint, a fashion of beautiful speech, and that particular quality of simplicity and noble acting which has made the reputation of the Abbey. The founder of the Moscow Art theatre has set out his aims in words which exactly describe the aims of the National Theatre society if one replaces "Boyar" by "Irishman."

> In the realm of creativeness, the actor's problem was not to look like the ordinary stage Boyar . . . The ordinary theatrical stamp and stencil of the Boyar is the most repulsive of all stencils on the Russian stage. It was necessary to defend oneself against it and to find a new stencil at all hazards . . . The founding of our theatre was in the nature of a revolution. We protested against the customary manner of acting, against theatricality, against bathos, against declamation, against over-acting, against the bad manner of production, against the habitual scenery, against the star system which spoiled the ensemble, against the light and farcial repertoire of the Russian stage.

Like other theatres, the Abbey has had its vicissitudes. Companies are fissiparous. Audiences must be trained in self-criticism and appreciation. In the formative years of the present Irish State, from 1900 to 1910, there were many contending strains and tendencies, many energetic and powerful personalities. The little world of the Theatre society reproduced these outside stresses. There also were grave financial difficulties.

Writers and actors had brought genius to the new service, but without the tenacity, the arrogant tenacity, of Yeats and his co-directors, the movement would have been dissipated. Yeats, as well, enlisted the support of Miss Horniman whose generosity provided the Abbey and a subsidy for a term of years. The company drew together a public, sometimes small but never indifferent, sometimes hostile, and ultimately enthusiastic. They played through good and ill years and through the Black and Tan terror under curfew to men "on the run" when other Dublin theatres closed down. Since the Abbey opened its doors twenty-one years ago, the society has produced 216 plays, the work of eighty-six authors. Including the earlier work from 1899, the total is 237, of which all but thirty-four were first performances and all but twenty the work of Irish dramatists.

Nor is there any sign of slackened production. The type of play changes, and the spirit of the playwright. The society began with heroic and poetic drama, staging the shadowy figures of mythology and early Irish history. Padraic Colum introduced the peasant, firmly characterized, of native stature and dignity, and with his full social significance. Synge followed, playing upon his subject with piercing intensity and grotesque imagination.

At the moment, the line of development is through Seán O'Casey and the town play. The reaction from the early idealism and the later civil strife in Ireland nowhere is more significantly expressed than through him. Himself a laborer, living in a tenement, he has undergone the vital experiences of his generation; he has been secretary of a Gaelic League branch, of a Gaelic Athletic club; member of a Pipers' club, of a Labor Union, and out with a rifle against the English in 1916. Witness of the waste and squalor of the latter struggle, he now is in protest against violence, pitifully regarding its wreckage. He works in the material of the Dublin streets and is lavish of their local color while creating types of general and lasting value. Born near the street where Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born, he uses the slang and free rhythms of the street as masterfully as Sheridan uses the slang and artificial rhythms of the drawing-room. His Juno and the Paycock now is conquering London as Sheridan once won the city. O'Casey's fertility is evidence that the vital impulse of the Abbey is not spent.

Adequate

"A true philosopher!"
  Glad news to tell—
Had not the gods made her
  Half poet as well.

Her mind was no bisque vase—
  Just kitchen ware,
Squat; yet the gods would place
  Tall dream-flowers there.

Thus bent, these died. Her soul
  Laughed out in her.
Half poet she was, but whole
  Philosopher!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

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POEMS OF BRAZIL

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE BY THOMAS WALSH

The Blue Fly

Once in the springtime a bluebottle fly
With wings all crimson gold was born—a child
Of China or of Hindustan, to lie
Where petals of the purple roses smiled.

She flew and bumbled, bumbled as she flew
By noons and moonlight, vision beautiful
With lovelier lustre than e'er diamond knew
Upon the finger of the Grand Mogul.

Until a toiler saw her in amaze,
A grimy toiler, and he asked her—"Why
This glitter of a pageant for my gaze?
Tell me who taught you this, my lovely fly?"

Around him, ceaseless buzzing, she replied—
"Life, I am Life, the flowering of grace,
The dream of youth eternal and the pride.
Look, fame and love amid my flight I trace!"

Speechless, he stood transfixed before her there
Like some poor dervish rigid in his dream,
Lost in confusion of his fond despair
And powerless to solve her magic gleam.

For 'mid the brilliant wings that fluttered far,
There seemed to rise a princely palace blown
Of splendors lifting to the evening star—
And there he saw a face—it was his own.

Himself—a king—a king of old Cashmere!
An opal necklace on his naked chest—
A sacred sapphire shining large and clear
Snatched from off holy Vishnu's holy breast.

While five-score hideous Ethiops with fans
Of ostrich plume bend mutely at their task
To cool the bosoms of the courtesans,
Stirring the amorous perfumes where they bask.

Then glory looms with forty conquered kings—
A hundred triune nations' tribute proud—
'Mid acclamations and emblazonings
And western diadems suppliant in the crowd!

And stretching out his rough and calloused hand
Accustomed only to his rustic trade,
He caught the glittering marvel where it fanned,
Curious to study how the thing was made.

And home, arrived, perspiring and resolved
To undertake a deep experiment
Of all the mysteries therein involved;
To vivisect his vision he was bent.

And he dissected well, so artfully
He saw the battered, piecemeal thing succumb;
As with its life there vanished utterly
The fairy vision, and the song was dumb.

Today he passes with his locks anoint
With cardamom and aloes and they say,
Mocking his state—"His mind is out of joint;
He has forgot the fly he caught that day!"

JOAQUIM MARIA MACHADO DE ASSIS.

Doña Alda

Early rises Doña Alda; to her waist
Fall her golden tresses;
Smiles her gentle lips adorning,
Turns she down the green recesses
Where the flower banks are placed,
Where each blossom her addresses
A "good morning."

Doña Alda never stays; with her hies the swallow,
Where the rays of sunshine follow—
Doña Alda fares along;
Round her swirls the leafy throng—
Fares she on, the brilliant glows
'Neath her lashes shining.

But—how cruel!—where she goes,
Skirt uplifted by the banks,
Lies a blossom white as snows
Soft beneath her foot repining—
"Doña Alda, many thanks."

FRANCISCA JULIA DA SILVA.

The Vicious Circle

Glancing aloft the firefly made its moan:
"Would only I were like yon radiant star
Burning its taper in the blue afar!"
While sighed the star: "Oh, would my ray were thrown
As is the silvery suffusion sown
Around some Grecian columned window jar
Where lovers' tender secrets whispered are!"
But o'er the sea the moon laments alone:

"Unhappy me! ah, would this heaving bar
Of radiance immortal I had known!"
While Sol repined amid his blazing car:
"This godlike noon is all too weary grown—
These azure spaces all my spirit mar—
Why was the firefly's flicker not my own?"

JOAQUIM MARIA MACHADO DE ASSIS.

Serenade of Romeo

The host of stars is trailing
Out across the skies
With lily whiteness veiling
The heavens from mine eyes.

In vain my sight is tracing
Through all night's halidom
Till thou, thy window gracing,
Shalt come.

OLAVO BILAC.

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THE BULL-FIGHT

By DOROTHY HAIGHT

IN RESIDENTIAL San Sebastian there is very little left of anything that's old—spacious avenues, clean and sunny streets, gorgeous casinos, fine hotels and shops. Even the beautiful ranges of the Pyrenees, that stand about the very edges of the sea, are given a well-kept expression by the roads which wind like friendly ribbons from the south of France, the north of Spain.

On toros (bull-fight) days the thoroughfares are thronged with motorcars and buses from Biarritz, San Juan de Luz, and other neighboring towns. The peasants have their donkey carts and horses; also feet —any means of transportation rather than remain at home—and if one cannot pay for tickets to behold the fight, at least the toreros ride to the stadium in open carriages for all to see.

San Sebastian has a fine arena built in the Moorish style, which in summer when the royal family is in residence, becomes the scene of some of the most brilliant toros held in Spain. The colonnades and railings are decorated with ribbons, garlands, flowers. The official band is clad in gorgeous uniforms, the ushers too; and when the tiers and boxes are replete with festive folk from peasant to nobility, the show is gay indeed. There are bright bandanas of the Vascos from the country side; smartly dressed residents of San Sebastian; Madrilenos in their best Parisian importations; families of means from Andalusia, Castile and so on; visitors from England and the two Americas; and here and there among the crowd, rare lace mantillas and embroidered shawls, the heritage of centuries, adorn modern beauties of this still romantic Spain.

Dark-eyed, white mantilla'd Concha, her parents and myself, also poor Lloyd Carlisle sat in one box. I say "poor" Lloyd, for the young Englishman would have preferred his usual afternoon of tennis at the club. But being suitor to a lovely little Spaniard has its penalties—as he discovered when he tried to dodge the bull-fights Concha loves. Concha's big eyes would fill with tears at the suggestion that he could not come.

"It is so seldom that we have a feast of jollity. Come with us to the toros, Lloydo mio!"

Concha's voice was soft and beautiful as were her dimpled hands that waved a great big fan. Lloyd was adamant in disapproval of the cruelty to animals —but Lloydo went.

Like many things in Spain, a bull-fight begins late. The hour set for the toros comes and goes without result. We look about the stadium with opera glasses, picking out acquaintances who, publicly and for effect, have habits of declaring—"Bull-fights? Bah. They're dying out. I should not go to one. We modern Spaniards are more civilized." This usually takes up quite a lot of time. The throng is getting restless, when suddenly the vendors of fans and cushions have their cryings terminated by a special effort of the band.

The king and queen preside from their box. The gates of the arena slide apart, and girls in white mantillas and soft dresses come into the ring, tossing roses from their baskets for the toreros' honoring. "How lovely! Qué bonita!" cries the crowd.

The toreros come marching now, flashing cuadrillas with the music crashing over them. They salute the royal family with drawn swords. The trumpets blare, while those of Latin blood shiver in ecstasy. "Viva Salas y Pla!" "Viva Martinez!"—shout the spectators as they see their favorites. There are several kinds of bull-fights, varied in technique, fascinating to the toros "fan," but in the main the game remains unchanged since mediaeval times.

The fighters scatter for the play, their tightly fitting suits, in colors shot with gold and silver, looking like a rainbow fallen from the sky. Some take their stations with the capes; two others, holding spears to prick the bull, mount on sorry-looking nags—so very gaunt! Pathetically contrasting with their riders' gorgeousness.

Quiet for a tense moment, then a single trumpet calls. The horses shiver fearfully, instinctively. A side door opens, and the bull, released from his dark cell, rushes snorting into the arena. Hesitating, blinking in the light, he stands still.

I like a bull-fight, I admit, but then I am not Anglo-Saxon like poor Lloyd Carlisle. The toros was no feast of jollity to him. He obviously hated even the gay trappings of the show. But Concha! What delight—mild for the decorations, enthusiastic for the slaughtering! Exclamations of excited satisfaction at the horses gored, and at the toros tortured, what interested glee! Repellent that a dainty little maid could revel like the whole depraved populace!

A toros over was not a toros finished. At each meal for days to follow Concha reminisced. The cuadrilla of Salas y Pla, were they not brave and dexterous in their play? The banderillos, who stuck burning darts in the bull's neck to rouse his ire, did Lloydo notice their excessive speed? The capeadores with their graceful cloaks—especially the one who wore the violet suit, and dared the bull with gay indifference, a hero, was he not? And oh, how plentiful were the bank notes and hats thrown in the ring to the great matador himself, who slew with one stroke each, three bulls that afternoon!

"Bueno, for the bank notes; pero, what can one man do with such a lot of hats?" queried Lloyd in execrable Spanish. (Anything, he said aside to me, to get the subject changed from bulls so that he could digest his beef and lettuce more whole-heartedly.)

But Concha would not have it so. Concha was never finished with a toros until she'd licked her perfect little lips over the gruesome details. Choosing short words that Lloyd would understand, and speaking

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slowly, Concha conveyed her meaning unmistakably.

Had Lloydo marked the bull Martinez slew? The sixth and last, that bled profusely at the mouth before it died? That was because Martinez made his thrust a little out of line. No wonder that the audience had hissed. As bad to kill with such a clumsy stab as to make more than one attempt. Even when the lovely white dray horses, with red harnesses and silver bells, had come to pull its ugly carcass out, why it was almost living still! Speaking of horses, did Lloydo know the poor old nags they used for fighting had their vocal cords cut so they could not shriek, and, blindfolded, were ridden trembling to the bull?

"Cruellisima!" burst out the Englishman.

"It is needful," even Concha's parents joined in here. The English never understood how it was necessary for each bull to toss two horses when he first came in the ring. To tire out the muscles of his neck. Else how could the toreros, skilled as they might be, risk playing with the wicked animal? Were not their lives of greater value than those of the dilapidated horses sacrificed? Take Martinez—

"Martinez has a wife and child," said Concha's mother.

"Why, certainly," finished her husband, as if that was that.

"Certainly," I contributed.

"Most certainly," cried Concha, her eyes on Lloyd.

In fact, we all looked hard at Lloyd Carlisle. He closed his lips—deliberately I think—against the "certainly" he knew we waited for. We ended the discussion by leaving the dining room.

The salón had long windows, opening on the balcony which faced the mountains and the distant villa of the queen. Candles in ancient silver holders stood on the piano. They were lighted when the electricity was out of order. They were lighted very frequently. There was a special divan in the salón with a fur rug over it, where Concha and her parents would all three collect with equal lack of dignity. They were very loyal and devoted to each other, this little family, and the more devastating that the heat became, the more they clung together on that fuzzy pelt, the other chairs and sofas standing coolly empty around the room.

Lloyd stood near the balcony and smoked a cigarette; fair, flushed, in his white flannels looking like the angel of Augustinian fame.

Concha, curled between her parents on the sofa, bull-fights ended, was quite subdued. I played some chords on the piano and she sang, for her father's pleasure, "Clavellitos" and the rollicking Vasco hymn to San Ignación. Her heart-shaped face and mammoth eyes, looking from under henna-tinted bangs, did not seem devilish at all. And, oh, her husky young contralto voice was sweet!

A lull in the delightful coziness. A far-off convent chimed down moonlit vistas out beyond the balcony.

"Oh certainly," capitulated Lloyd Carlisle.

BLACK MAGIC

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

THE second volume of the Cambridge Ancient History contains amidst a wealth of interesting matter, an allusion to early magic which brings to mind some curious incidents. When Rameses III ruled over Egypt, some twelve hundred years B. C., there was discovered an attempt to upset the existing state of things through what is known as the harem conspiracy. With a lot of jealous, unoccupied women shut away from the world, it readily may be understood that intrigues and small turmoils must have been taking place constantly. In this case the effort on the part of one of the wives was to set her own son on the throne, irrespective of the claims of others. The plot was discovered and sent for judgment by the pharaoh to his courts. Some of the conspirators were bold enough to get hold of the judges who were to try the case and persuade them to meet them at clandestine festivities. To use the language of the account written at the time, the judges "forsook the good instruction which had been given them" but in vain, for this matter having come to the knowledge of Rameses, he promptly cut off the ears and noses of two of the judges and permitted the others to commit suicide in the court over which they had presided. It was less fortunate to be a bribed judge in those days than in later times.

However, the point is that amongst the objects brought into court in connection with the trial were sundry wax images, the purpose of which there can be no doubt. One of the most favorite tricks of black magic is to make an image of the person you desire—either of wax, as here, or of clay, as in the Keltic corp craidhe, a well known instance in folk-lore—and then, either maltreat it or allow it to be wasted by fire or otherwise. Whatever happens to the figure will happen, if the proper incantations are said, to the person whom it is intended to represent. The figure might have pins stuck into it, in which case dire sufferings would be produced at the points of puncture, or it might be placed in front of a fire slowly to melt away and then its prototype would in like manner waste away in the fires of consumption.

Readers of Dumas will remember the construction of the wax figure of the king, with his crown so that he might be unmistakable, an account of which is given in La Reine Margot.

One of the most curious instances is that which is narrated in Miss Dormer Smith's very interesting History of Coventry. That ancient and still flourishing city, prior to the Norman conquest, belonged to a certain Earl Luriche or Leofric who had to wife one Godgifu, commonly and erroneously called Godiva in most of the books. Her ride is one of the myths which we must give up, for, at the time it is supposed to have taken place, Coventry cannot have consisted of more than a couple of hundred huts; it had no market place nor tolls; and above all, Luriche and Godgifu were not only a devoted, but very devout couple to whom the suggestion of such a thing as the famous ride would have been a horror. They divided the town of Coventry into two halves, keeping one for themselves and giving the other forever to the Benedictines who there set up a great and famous abbey. Thus, as the town grew, it came to consist of an "earl's half" and a "prior's half," both under different governance. Naturally, this led to great jealousies and many disputes. On the whole, those of the earl's half had much the better of it, for earls at times wanted cash for purposes of their own, such as raising forces for a crusade. The burghers had the money and the earl got it on condition

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that he grant a charter allowing them more freedom than had existed before.

It appears, however, that the priors were far less generous, for they had the interests of their order to look after. Thus it came to pass that the prior's half was much more tied up by tolls and other annoyances than its fellow on the other side of the main street. Things had reached such a state by the year 1323 that some of the discontented prior's men actually took into their councils one Master John de Nottingham, set to work, and by way of trying the experiment, style him, and the doings in the case subsequently were made public in a trial before the court of King's Bench for, oddly enough, trials for witchcraft took place in the civil and not in the ecclesiastical courts.

It seems that these disgruntled and dissatisfied persons offered the limb of Satan a large sum of money and subsequent maintenance for life if he would seriously mischief the prior and a selected list of others, and with that offer they brought him seven pounds of wax and two yards of canvas. Whereupon, the magician and his assistant, Robert le Marshall, who afterward became "approver" or witness against Nottingham, set to work and by way of trying the experiment, they first of all operated on one Richard Sowe, an underling at the convent, a person of no importance, but for some reason obnoxious.

They were afterward to proceed to deal with the prior, of course, and also with King Edward II, who was, according to rule, modeled in his crown; and several other important personages of the realm and the convent.

The trial is recorded in the Lansdowne manuscript and, it may be remarked, is the first trial for witchcraft held in England. On the Friday before the feast of the Holy Rood, le Marshall, acting under the instructions of Nottingham, poked a leaden bodkin into the forehead of Richard Sowe's image. In the morning le Marshall was sent around to the convent to make kind inquiries, and returned with the news that he had found Sowe "as mad as mad could be." On the Wednesday before the Ascension, le Marshall, again acting under instructions, took the bodkin out of the head of the figure and plunged it into the place where its heart would have been had it had one, whereupon and at that moment Robert Sowe in the convent departed this life.

The case was sent from the court of first instance to a jury and all the accused but Nottingham were admitted to bail. Before the assizes were held, he had died, and some of the others were not forthcoming, so that when the case actually came before a jury, there was but one person to be tried and he, very distantly connected with the matter, was acquitted by the jurors, apparently quite properly.

In this case we have the procedure described in the legal documents of the day and doubtless the Egyptian queen was about to carry things out in the same manner. She was not the first, for we may feel sure from the paintings in the caves of the late palaeolithic age at least ten thousand years ago that a very similar form of magic was practised then. Otherwise, how explain the wonderful drawings of the animals of the day, some of them with darts sticking out from their most vital parts?

Nor is it extinct this day amongst savage races, and it may shrewdly be suspected that in those places where blasphemous decadents assemble to carry out the "black mass" there, too, warming before the fire will from time to time be found a wax figure or a corp craidhe designed to injure some enemy. It is an ancient and a long-lived method.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CHURCH AND THE NEGRO

Tacoma, Wash.

TO the Editor:—There is a subject which is of the greatest importance, I believe, and which I hope to see you take up in your paper—the Negro Catholic missions in the United States. If attention could be called to the needs of these, their aims, hopes and achievements; their struggles, the many disadvantages under which they work, and the prime necessity of more and greater interest on the part of clergy and laity, it would arouse and enlighten many Catholics to the dire need of more attention to this work of the Church. The field is large and the time is ripe for a great effort.

The opportunity which is before the American Catholic today for the conversion of the numerous Negroes in this country may pass, never to return. We stand in much danger of losing the few Negro Catholics we now have. If whole bodies of Catholics may fall away through lack of Catholic training, Catholic associations, a Catholic atmosphere in a hostile or indifferent environment, what may be expected of a people, who, living side by side with many Catholic races, are almost totally ignored by them in so far as any attempts to bring them into the Church is concerned?

As a Negro, and a convert to Catholicism, I am deeply interested in seeing something done for the salvation of my people. What the Catholic Church did for the savage and barbarous white races of northern Europe more than a thousand years ago, I believe she can more than do today for the Negro-American. In the past, there was some excuse for the apparent indifference of the Catholic Church to the Negro-American mission field. The country itself was a mission field under foreign jurisdiction; besides, the heavy European immigration took about all the energy of the Church to care for, so there was little time to think of the Negro. But now conditions are changed. The twelve or fifteen millions of Negroes here are not hostile to the Catholic Church. They simply are ignorant of the Church and her teachings. There are no traditions among them coming down from the religious controversies of the sixteenth century, and the only reason why these simple folk have not turned their eyes toward Mother Church is that those who represent her have appeared not to care anything about them.

My people are a religious race, very naturally. Much inclined to outward acts of worship and toward things spiritual, the numerous sects and religious organizations flourishing among us demonstrate the fact that we are not an agnostic people. The present mission work of the Church among my people is at a great disadvantage by reason of numerous schools and colleges which the Protestant sects have placed among the Negroes, to say nothing of the independent denominations of Negroes with their own colleges and universities. These schools serve to facilitate the growth of group-spirit among the Negroes, and the pressure exerted upon the stray one who becomes a Catholic is tremendous, especially in those localities where the manifestation of race prejudice animates some who call themselves "Catholics."

It is well known that in this country, there are those who make a religion of the accident of race. God Himself would receive no consideration from them unless He drew the "color-line."

The Negroes now have several widely read high-class papers and magazines, among them, The Crisis, edited by W. E.

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Burkhardt Du Bois, a graduate of Harvard and of the University of Berlin—a master of invective and a bitter writer. Mr. Du Bois in an issue not long ago, openly charged the Catholic Church as the worst offender of all the Christian denominations on the "color" question. He pointed out that in the 400 years that America has been open to settlement, the Catholic Church in the United States has made only four or five Negro priests—that Catholic schools of higher learning are closed to Catholic Negro students; and that this Church lags behind all the rest. He gave the reason as being race prejudice in the Church and among the white priesthood.

We have no Negro Catholic leaders of education; we have no Negro priesthood; we have no Catholic Negro papers of any consequence; and no way in which to minimize, explain, or deny to our own race the truth or falsity of such statements.

Nearly all the Catholic papers are friendly to the Negro's contentions for equal legal rights and civil standing in this country, but very few of them have any special reason for paying any attention to the Negro as such in their line, and consequently the Catholic papers as a rule attract no attention among Negroes.

The rapid material advance of the Negroes in this country makes them an important factor in the affairs of the American people. Religious they are, it is true, but the religion of the masses of the Negroes as they know it, has little relation to personal conduct. Emotionalism has reached its zenith among those more cultivated, and the scholars among us are slowly drifting into infidelity and agnosticism. Socialistic influences are beginning to be felt among us and the danger of radicalism among Negroes is not a fancied one. The need for a Negro priesthood and sisterhood becomes increasingly apparent.

The secular press makes a great deal over the non-Catholic Negro schools and colleges—the achievements of Hampton, Tuskeegee, and other non-Catholic colored institutions are heralded abroad. Children cannot be blamed, if under the racial and social attractions, coupled with Catholic indifference, or in some places actual hostility, they succumb to the allurements of Protestantism.

The present drift of the Negroes is largely determined by the American attitude on questions connected with race and color. Once these people had every confidence in the white man, but that is rapidly dissipating and the tendency to form and to sustain purely Negro organizations has its crystalization around the Church, and the Catholic Church is coming to be regarded as only one more of the "white church organizations" whose greatest object is to keep Negroes out of their pews.

It is to be hoped that a brighter day is coming. With the fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, Josephites, and other religious bodies now struggling to maintain Catholic prestige in the conversion of races and nations, efforts are being made to establish schools and colleges where the Negro may obtain the benefit of Catholic training in the higher branches of learning. The Cardinal Gibbons Institute is another instance of the new spirit.

There is no doubt but that when the sincere white Catholic understands the situation he will measure up to it, just as he has always done in other cases. The question is not: "Shall we draw the color line?"; it is: "Shall we convert the Negro race to the Catholic faith?"

As a supplementary force, a national Negro periodical, published under Catholic auspices, with a competent staff of Negro writers, would be a step in advance.

GUSTAVE B. ALDRICH.

CATHOLIC WOMEN AT WORK

London, England.

TO the Editor:—Having read with great interest the delightful article on Catholic Women at Work, in The Commonweal of December 9, 1925, may I venture to write a short account of a special branch of work done by the Catholic Women's League of England namely, the school for English and weaving established by them in 1923 in Bethlehem, Palestine.

This most recent development of our work arose from the need for Catholic English-speaking education, a need of paramount importance in Palestine. I feel that your readers may be glad to know something about this effort of ours to provide Catholic education (Arabic and English) for the Arab girls of Bethlehem.

The need for it has become even more urgent this year, owing to the large girls' school recently acquired by American Methodists—so unless our school can be not only maintained but developed, there will ensue grave danger to the faith of Catholic girls in the little hill city so dear to every Catholic heart. Times change and the need today in Palestine is for Catholic lay work to counteract the large amount of non-Catholic lay work set on foot there by English and by American non-Catholic missionary efforts.

Since the war, there is an absolute craving among the Arabs for education, and more particularly for the English language and for education on western lines. This education the Arabs are determined to have, and so it is necessary for Catholics to supply the need.

Therefore, members of the Catholic Women's League, when asked by the patriarch of Jerusalem, Monsignor Barlassina, as far back as 1920 to provide educated English-speaking women for Palestine, determined to do what they could, and the Bethlehem Catholic school for English and weaving is the result.

The education is given in Arabic as well as English, since the underlying motive of the work is to make good Palestinian wives and mothers for the future. We now have seventy children and if only we could obtain more financial support we could largely increase this number. The children are of all ages from five to fifteen. As the girls marry at fourteen or at latest at fifteen, it is all important to educate them while very young.

How can any country really develop unless its women are sufficiently educated to exert the influence which Catholic wives and mothers must wield if the Catholic faith is to hold its own in the future?

The risk in Palestine today is immense, no less a risk than the loss of the faith, and this in the very cradle of our faith. In Bethlehem, Catholics number 50 percent of the population —most of the remaining are Moslems or Greek orthodox. Yet this is the place chosen for a great "forward movement" by American women Methodists. Surely, American Catholics will like to rally to the support of Catholic English-speaking work there!

The weaving and embroidery rooms attached to our school are an important feature of the work. In this department the girls are not only taught free (as they are in the school) but also paid for their work. They thus learn a useful trade and keep alive the traditional employment of Arab women, and also develop a greater understanding of the beauty of their own inheritance of eastern embroidery and design.

The Catholic Women's League organized a Nativity play

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acted by the children on Christmas, 1924, and this last Christmas they had another happy gathering.

Last summer they made an excursion to Ain Karem, the birthplace of Saint John the Baptist. Next summer we hope to take the children to see more of the holy places which many of them have never seen! Think of children eight miles from Jerusalem who have never seen the Holy Sepulchre.

The Holy Father not only gave a special blessing to the work in 1923, but last spring His Holiness gave his special blessing under his photograph "to the teachers and the dear children of the Catholic Women's League school of Bethlehem."

The writer of this letter had the great happiness of spending Christmas and Epiphany last year in Bethlehem. No one who has enjoyed this wonderful experience can ever forget midnight Mass in the Grotto. Not only on Christmas night, but perhaps even more on the night of the Epiphany when the Franciscans (guardians for so many centuries of the sacred Grotto) have the right to celebrate Mass shortly after midnight. It is a private function and they only ask a few, but those few are indeed privileged. Kneeling close to the altar of the manger where Mass is said, the worshippers realize that they are indeed sharers in the Christian traditions—successors to those wise travelers of 2,000 years ago, who knelt here offering their gold and frankincence and myrrh.

What if we come from the West rather than from the East? What if we are not very rich or very wise, so long as faith and hope and charity are in our hearts?

These are the gifts the Divine Child loves, and it is because all Catholics, whoever we are, unite in spirit at His Feet that I venture to send these few words on the feast of the Epiphany across the sea to the Catholics of America.

KATHLEEN BALFE.

DIFFUSION OF OWNERSHIP

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The economic program which I tentatively phrased in an earlier issue of The Commonweal aims at a very wide diffusion of private ownership, either coöperatively held and managed, or only directed coöperatively. Other forms are looked upon as necessary compromises. Its purpose is an economic system that will harmonize with the dignity of human personality and aid in the exercise of human rights. The first method suggested for establishing it is to speed up and strengthen voluntary organizations that now are moving toward coöperative control and ownership and that, normally, in doing so inflict no injustice. The second is to use government to supplement failures of voluntary action.

Mr. Woodlock in reply questions this secondary method. He asks whether the government has the right to supplement failures of voluntary action when more than the minimum of justice is imposed. He questions, for example, whether the government can order the transfer of property rights or "economic power," even when necessary for the public good, if the minimum required by strict justice does not demand it. It is assumed, of course, that no injustice is done in the transfer.

Irish land laws under certain conditions force landlords in Ireland to sell land to their tenants. Governor Smith of New York proposes that the state give limited dividend corporations regulated power under certain conditions to condemn property for the construction of moderately priced houses. In neither case does the minimum required by strict justice demand such action. Yet, in both cases, transfer of property rights by forced sale seems necessary in order to supplement voluntary efforts to establish economic conditions that will harmonize with personal dignity and be less dangerous to human rights.

If Mr. Woodlock's doubt is well-founded, then both the Irish land laws and Governor Smith's housing proposal are wrong. Fortunately, Mr. Woodlock's doubt is not well-founded. Fortunately, it is a part of Catholic social teaching that the government can require more than the minimum of justice—can require, for example, the transfer by sale of property rights. Pope Leo in his encyclical on the condition of labor lays down the following principle—"Whenever the general interest, or that of any particular class suffers, or is threatened with evils which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step in to meet them."

This statement is sufficiently general to permit a government to impose more than the minimum of justice. Whether measures that are proposed are necessary for "the general interest or that of any particular class," becomes then a question of fact. But the principle is clearly a part of Catholic social teaching. Under that principle comes the right and duty of the government to use its power, when the facts warrant it, to supplement voluntary methods of attaining diffusion of ownership in a coöperative system.

R. A. MCGOWAN.

A PLEA FROM PORTO RICO

Ponce, Porto Rico.

TO the Editor:—In the editorial section of your periodical for December 30, 1925, under the heading, Week By Week, you refer to "a nation-wide drive for $2,000,000, to be expended in caring for Filipino children of mixed blood."

I want to respectfully call your attention to the fact that very similar conditions prevail here in Porto Rico; and that no remedial aid has been extended by the American people, save the Y. M. C. A., which has one single establishment in the capital of the island, San Juan. Yet, Porto Rico is a Catholic country, and, in spite of its apparent prosperity, it is a poor country. Its wealth is concentrated in the hands of the few, especially three American sugar corporations which control over 50 percent of the total sugar production of the island.

Eighty-five percent of the population of Porto Rico, which is estimated at 1,300,000, lives from hand to mouth—mere peonages attached to the soil, save for the political freedom to which they are entitled, but which under such hopeless economic conditions are of practically no value to them. It is no exaggeration to state that malaria, uncinariasis, and tuberculosis is their lot. The Rockefeller Foundation has made a recent investigation and found that over 90 percent of the population of this island suffers from these three diseases.

If Mrs. Mary Frances Kern, "an unwearied worker among the poor little derelicts in the Philippines," should turn part of her attention to the island of Porto Rico which has been under the American flag for the same period of time as the Philippines, she could find here a vast and fertile field in which to sow the seed of charity of her noble heart.

F. L. PORRATA DORIA.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I wish to express, through the medium of your paper, my appreciation of the letter written by Mr. Charles J. Byrnes asking for a fair trial for prohibition, and incidentally suggesting more coöperation by Catholics.

Alice E. Warren.

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THE PLAY

The House of Ussher

MY OWN personal enjoyment of The House of Ussher was considerably marred by a near neighbor, cheated of the strong meat to which Broadway had accustomed him, who was broadcasting his opinion that The House of Ussher was "English drawing-room stuff."

"Drawing-room stuff" by no means does The House of Ussher justice; indeed, the entire action passes within a library. But it is a handy enough phrase by which to identify the type of standardized drama of which the late H. V. Esmond's play is a by-product. Every theatregoer whose experience covers twenty years can recognize it. An aroma of sin and sachet powder pervaded it. The raw facts of life were dealt with, but by indirection. The Lord Chamberlain and a person called "the censor of plays" saw to that. The languid action was punctuated by epigrams of the blear-eyed, knock-kneed, and stammering kind popularized by the late Oscar Wilde, and smelling strongly of the lamp. The audience sobbed and tittered in the right places, and went home to their several suburbs with the pleasing conviction that fortune played no favorites, and that the warrant of hard luck ran in high places as well as in low.

The plot of Mr. Esmond's play, whose English title, Birds of a Feather, has been changed without being bettered, is simple in the extreme. Old Jacob Ussher (born Asher) is a Jewish financier whose fortune has been built up by shady means. He has a loved and awakened daughter who is the mistress, in secret, of his aristocratic private secretary. A watchful and malignant aunt is having the couple watched by private detectives when a crisis is precipitated by the girl's demand that she be let marry her impecunious lover. Upon her father's refusal, she forges his name to a check and applies the proceeds to successful operations on the stock exchange. Discovery overtakes her, but is followed so soon by a full and authentic report from the detective bureau that the unhappy father has but one thought—the saving of his daughter's reputation by the marriage to the Honorable (by courtesy) Rupert Herringham. The play ends in a vague mist of happiness and good intentions. Not for the first time we learn that, from the point of view of immediate retribution, infractions of the decalogue can be made to cancel one another.

The burden of the production falls squarely on Rosalinde Fuller. It is rather surprising that managerial enterprise has not yet furnished Miss Fuller with a part at one of the larger houses worthy of her gifts. As her assets, she has good looks, and good looks of the romantic type that stir imagination; also, the understanding that comes from imagination of her own. Her impersonation of an erring wife a few months ago in Schnitzler's Call of Life brought the sinister beauty and terror of unhallowed love upon the stage for a few unforgettable moments with the vividness of some old mystery play. As Constance Ussher, she invests the figure of the shrewd, self-willed and passionate little daughter of millions with a host of individual touches of character and of temperament.

Clarence Derwent makes but little of the part of Jacob Ussher. Like almost every Shakespearean actor, who will insists on playing King Lear as a senile patriarch in the first act, he throws away the abrupt transition from masterfulness to broken parenthood, within his reach by playing the sinister old financier throughout, in a vein of benevolence that forestalls the happy ending. Far more of the atmosphere of old-fashioned Jewry invests Nellie Malcolm's interpretation of the suspicious aunt. One rather suspects (the writer has never seen the English version) a softening of the racial theme to fit the play for New York favor. Its revelation does not come until well into the middle act, and quite obviously took a first-night audience by surprise. It is referred to again only in the most casual manner.

"If so soon I was to be done for
I wonder what I was begun for."

H. L. S.

"Hello Lola!"

THERE are certain plots which lend themselves agreeably to musical comedy—and there are others which are as out of place in adaptation to lyric song and twinkling dance as a lion would be in a sheepfold. Too much drama, or too much subtlety, do not agree with the musical show—they devour it, losing, themselves, in vitality. It seems a mistake to have taken that delicate satire on the American juvenile, Booth Tarkington's Seventeen, and to have trimmed it in an unbecoming garb of light song and dance. Perhaps those who do not know the book in all its sympathetic ridicule and gentle pathos will not miss the fine shades of these in the musical rendition, which, from its very nature, has distorted them. Certainly the cast and the producer have done wonders toward making this misfit, fit. It would be difficult to find an interpretation of American youth, aetat, seventeen, more winning and real than that of Richard Keene. There is not very much fault to be found with the other players, the music, or the dancing—but none of them can redeem the offense done the eternal fitness of things in this production. Seventeen is a story that laughs, and sighs—but which somehow does not sing.

In Selecting Your Plays

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
By the Way—An English review of charm, humor and restraint.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
In a Garden—Laurette Taylor struggles with a farrago of artificiality.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio—Splendid object lesson in finest type of repertory acting.
Oh! Oh! Nurse—Catchy tunes, pretty dresses, clever dancing, clean fun.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stronger than Love—Filial love made the motive for one intensely dramatic scene.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Dybbuk—A masterly production of Ansky's Jewish mystical drama.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
Tip-Toes—All that is satisfying in a musical comedy.
Young Blood—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

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BOOKS

The Pleasure Haunts of London during Four Centuries, by E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $6.00.

AMONG the many clever Englishmen who are writing about old days and ways in London, Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor is the one who most appeals to readers with a strong sense of locality. He never pads his narrative, as too many are accustomed to do, with a mass of twice-told and accessible anecdote. One feels that his books are the result of first-hand and painstaking search through old records and maps. His erudition can locate for us within a yard the spot where Romeo and Juliet (amazing literary event!) was first performed in public. He can tell us just what numbered house in a drab terrace stands upon the site of the orchestra where Handel conducted his great oratorios, and what prim chapel has been built upon the foundations of the theatre where David Garrick made his first appearance on any stage. The method amounts to a positive superposition of new upon old. With Mr. Chancellor as his guide, the sentimental pilgrim to London is sure, not only of his information, but of his orientation as well.

The Pleasure Haunts of London, his latest book, covers very interesting ground indeed. We learn that the unceasing war upon public amusements at the hands of the Puritan and "snouter" (Mr. Mencken is to be given credit for the word) is no affair of yesterday. What the attitude of pre-reformation London might have been we have scant means of knowing, as the history of the stage in England only begins with the last two decades of the sixteenth century. In any case, the Puritan and "Bible Christian" element, so strongly represented in the city corporation, led the Elizabethan Thespian a sad dance. In 1597, an order by the justices for Middlesex ordered The Curtain and The Theater (the spelling of the word is interesting, as an instance of how often American orthography reproduces the older English) to be demolished, on the plea that "lewd matters are handled on the stage." Their proprietors were enjoined "forthwith to pluck downe quite the stages, galleries, and roomes that are made for people to stand in, and so to deface the same as they maie not be employed agayne to such use."

The theatre weathered the storm because great nobles and the Court itself took these "rogues and vagabonds" under their protection. The king, the queen, the chamberlain, and the Earl of Leicester lent the aegis of their names to the hard-pressed actors, and even the sour-visaged city fathers hesitated before they meddled with men publicly advertised as the "servants" of such magnates. A move across the Thames to where the city warrants did not run, and where the Surrey justices showed a lamentable laxity in prosecuting, was also of service to the infant stage. Bankside in Southwark, with its Rose and Swan and Globe theatres always will be closely associated with Elizabethan drama, although Mr. Chancellor shows that in Shoreditch, and not in Southwark as is commonly believed, the first playhouses in London were erected.

Many diversions that have disappeared from daily life are recalled by this historian of metropolitan amusements. One of them was bear-baiting. Of this it has been remarked by the great Macaulay that its suppression at the hands of the Puritans took place "not on account of the pain it gave the bear, but on account of the pleasure it gave the man." It must have been a gentle pastime. "The bulls and bears," says a contemporary account written by a German visitor and quoted by Mr. Chancellor, "are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bull-dogs; but not without great risk to the dogs, from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other, and it sometimes happens that they are killed on the spot; fresh ones immediately are supplied in place of those that are wounded or tired."

"The bears," Mr. Chancellor tells us, "were known by special names, and were hailed by the multitude with the joyful recognition now accorded to stage favorites. Sackerson is the best remembered, because Shakespeare has immortalized him, but others were as popular—Ned of Canterbury, Don John, Blind Robin, and the rest." What a whole, brutal, clamorous, vagrant and vanished world is called up for us by the following announcement—"At the Bear garden in Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, this present Monday, there is a great match to be fought by two dogs of Smithfield Bars against two dogs of Hampstead, at the Reading Bull, for one guinea to be spent; five lets goes out of hand [?] which goes fairest and farthest in wins all . . . Likewise two bear-dogs to jump three jumps apiece at a bear, which jumps highest for ten shillings to be spent. Also variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting, it being a general day of sport by all the old gamesters." The old ruffians!

There was a dark side to the amusements of old London, and Mr. Chancellor does not shirk it. One of his most curious chapters is a record of human depravity in three centuries. Incidentally, we glean the curious fact that the Bordello or London red light district of the fifteenth century paid high rentals to Sir William Walworth, the Lord-Mayor of the time, and was demolished by popular indignation during Wat Tyler's rising. The fact, as Mr. Chancellor observes, may well have nerved the mayor's arm when he struck down the popular leader of the Kentish "rioters" on Smithfield.

But, indeed, the history of all the London "spas," pleasure gardens, ridottos, grottos and fair-grounds over which an avalanche of brick and mortar has descended, and whose memory is only kept alive today by quaintly named courts and streets, shows an almost inevitable drift to disreputability. Beginning with the best of intentions, with lavish facilities for blameless amusement, and frequented by decorous citizens, their wives and families, the destiny of one and all, after a few brief years, was to find themselves invaded by pickpockets, confidence men, prostitutes, and ruffians, until the authorities were forced to step in and close down the lid. The existence in all—not only in big—cities throughout every country, of a class that can always be trusted to abuse and pervert opportunities for honest amusement is one of the problems with which authorities in every age are called upon to deal. How it can best be met is a question that each must put to itself. But that it is never successfully grappled with by a system that oscillates between license and outlawry is sufficiently proved by Mr. Chancellor's curious and intensely interesting history of the pleasure haunts of London.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Through Science to God, by Floyd L. Darrow. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE avowed purpose in this volume is "an attempt to clarify the confused thought of scores of troubled souls concerning spiritual problems of fundamental significance to this life and the next," consisting mainly in a criticism of the Church's attitude toward science, and a plea for readjustment

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of Christian beliefs to the scientific theories of the present day.

Some chapters confined to the exposition of scientific discoveries and theories contain much that is interesting and instructive to the general reader. There is a good review of older, as well as modern, theories of the universe. Two chapters are devoted to the history and theories of evolution and to the facts on which these theories are based. Atoms, molecules, and electrons are discussed, and the theory of relativity is made fairly comprehensive in another section of the book.

The rest of the volume deals with matters of religion. On this subject the author maintains two theses. The first is that the Christian church or churches throughout the ages, but most particularly during the middle-ages, have strenuously opposed the advance of knowledge, and substituted for true knowledge of the universe, so-called orthodox theories founded on superstitious traditions and a narrow, literal interpretation of Scripture.

The early church is taken to task for contemporary ignorance of cosmology. According to the author, the early Christians drew their notions of the universe from biblical texts based on legends of non-Hebrew origin, and from these texts churchmen also evolved an orthodox cosmological theory which was stubbornly maintained in opposition to more advanced knowledge.

No proof, however, is offered for these assertions. If the biblical accounts of creation, which the Church always has regarded as inspired and therefore true, tally with traditions from non-Hebrew civilizations, this in no way prejudices their veracity. The stages of the earth's development presented in the Genesis accounts are essentially those contained in modern scientific theories, but the purpose of these accounts is to teach God's relation to His creation in terms comprehensible on any level of cultural development rather than to expose scientifically the processes of nature involved in the work of creation, which task, therefore, has been left to man's own efforts. The Genesis accounts fully realize their purpose without infringing upon the domain of science.

It is quite natural that in the absence of scientific data, Christians and non-Christians alike should speculate on the origin and arrangement of the part of creation which they could see. If their speculations were in part erroneous, what of it? But the Church, while defining and defending religious truths concerning the relationship between Creator and creature, at no time elevated a cosmological scheme to the status of dogma or obligatory belief.

The author speaks of "theological dogma," apparently a product of the early Church fathers and the theologians of the middle-ages who, he says, were generally opposed to scientific advance. He thus ignores not only the meaning and nature of dogma but also an important distinction in the value of the subject matter contained in the writings of the fathers and theologians. Both wrote on religious as well as on secular topics. Some theologians covered every field of knowledge of their day.

As a fact, learning and its distribution were almost completely in the hands of churchmen during the middle-ages. The opinions of the fathers and of certain theologians on religious subjects always have been considered of greatest importance. The same high value has not been necessarily attached to their opinions on secular topics; they certainly never were obligatory.

If churchmen have invoked supernatural agencies in explanation of natural phenomena, advanced erroneous theories of the universe such as Duns Scotus's scheme in which the earth is surrounded by spheres supporting the stars, or stubbornly defended their views in the face of more rational ones, they have done so as private individuals granted full liberty of expression by the Church on subjects beyond her clearly defined jurisdiction. Individual churchmen thus have been in error and have shown unwarranted conservatism and opposition to new ways of thinking. On the other hand, the tendency to underrate the intellectual development of the middle-ages because the empirical sciences had not then yet made their appearances, is unjust in view of the achievements of deductive thinking in that period, culminating in the universal philosophical system of Saint Thomas Aquinas which not only has stood the test of centuries but which anticipated many later exploits of empirical sciences.

As illustrations of the Church's opposition to science in the post-reformation era are mentioned the activities of the inquisition and the condemnation of Galileo. The stock-in-trade accusations against the Church referred to these sources have been so frequently refuted that it is actually laughable to see them repeated in our day. An author of books dealing with historical subjects has no excuse for not acquainting himself with facts in a day when libraries are to be found in every community.

The second thesis is that Christianity can survive only by constantly adjusting its teachings to new scientific theories. Tradition and belief in the supernatural must be discarded and the theory of evolution applied to religious truths which at the best are relative. Miracles become impossible as "contrary to the laws of nature."

This point of view necessitates an attack on the Bible, which is "vastly more a book about men and their growing conception of God than it is a book of divine revelations." There is no specific divine revelation of religious truth, but nature constantly reveals God and His work. Biblical inspiration is to be understood only in the sense in which Lincoln or any other great person was inspired to high achievements. Not only, therefore, is the Old Testament not infallible, but "some of its conceptions of God are morally degrading." In proof of these opinions the author invokes higher criticism which, according to him, is but an application of science to the study of the Bible, invariably leading to extreme liberalism. He completely ignores Catholic scholarship, including the work of the Biblical Commission, than which none has been more thorough and scientific, but which has reached very different conclusions.

There is no real issue between science and traditional Christianity; neither need step back for, nor readjust itself to, the other. Mr. Darrow has built a straw man under cover of which he attacks Christianity by stretching scientific theories far beyond the problems they are devised to cover.

JOHAN LILJENCRANTS.

Poems of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, translated by the Carmelites of Santa Clara, California. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne.

THE poems of a canonized saint call for special consideration on the part of all who regard literature as human documentation. It is hard to discuss the poems of such authors as Saint John of the Cross, or Saint Teresa of Avila in the pragmatical matter of modern criticism, preserving a proper righteousness of judgment as well as a full recognition of the facts of moral and spiritual considerations. It is as easy to rhapsodize over hymns and liturgical writings as it is easy to discover literary beauties in the consecrated texts of the Holy

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Scriptures. The tendency to rhapsodize must be controlled just as the tendency to denigrate must be obviated.

With this in mind, the literary reader of the poems of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus will be highly gratified to find in her a poet who answers to most rigorous critical demands—a pure soul clearly and simply revealed in a series of songs flooded with a soft sunlight as of a morning sanctuary. The joys of her spiritual abandonments seem to suppress the shadows and sorrows of the mystical longings of the Spanish saints—there is more of the idyl than of the tragedy—it is the radiant northern piety, the aspiration of the Gothic spirit, rather than the clamorous appeal and the luxurious gloom of the Romanesque and Byzantine soul.

In the cloister of Carmel to which Thérèse retired in her fifteenth year, she found a literary tradition dating from the foundations of Avila. They sing in Carmel in a garden enclosed. She who promised after her death to let fall a rain of roses, began to weave in her cloister days garlands twined with the "unpetaled roses" of her own life and simple aspirations after the divine. There is nothing Parnassian or sculpturesque in these works—for her the cameo and the carved cherry-stone did not suggest a permanency like to eternity, as in the way of the literary schools—her songs were wayside flowers, fresh from the soil of a pure heart, moving to the morning winds of the spirit and unplucked from their stems without the arrangements that recall Japan.

It was early in the years following the death of Sister Thérèse in 1897 that her scattered songs and poems were collected and published at Bar-le-Duc by the Saint Paul Press—some years later the Carmel Press of Boston published certain English versions made by Susan L. Emery, and today we have a very fine edition of translations by the Carmelites of Santa Clara, California, and published by Burns Oates and Washbourne in London.

This latter is an admirable edition, reproducing with great fidelity the text of the originals and touched with a marked tenderness and delicacy of taste. From the first poem—My Song of Today—with its charming overture—

"My life is but an instant, a fleeting hour above me,
My life is but a moment escaping swift away:
Thou knowest, O my God, on earth, in time, to love Thee
Naught have I but today"—

to the Shepherdess of Domremy Listening to Her Voices, we have a sample of the little cloister interludes of ancient times that were developed into the mystery and parable plays, the foundations of our modern theatre. In this simple setting we hear speeches from Saint Catherine, Saint Margaret, and Saint Michael. Again we encounter in these pages an exquisite allegorical scene—the Divine Little Beggar of Christmas, 1895, called a Pious Recreation, in which an angel appears with an image of the Infant Jesus which is laid in the manger and then presented to the mother prioress and to each of the nuns with a basket from which each extracts a note and gives it back to the angel who sings the alms asked for by the Heavenly Child. One, called the plea for A Golden Throne declares:

"Love, Sister give
That sinners live.
Their souls, the throne this Child aspires,
But ah, still more
Doth He implore
Your heart the throne of His desires."

The Divine Beggar also implores Some Milk, Some Little Birds, A Star, A Lyre, Roses, A Valley Reaper, A Cluster of Grapes, A Little Host, A Smile, A Toy, A Pillow, Some Bread, A Mirror, A Palace, Lilies, Bonbons, A Caress, A Cradle, Linens, Some Fire, Cake, Honey, and A Lamb. The quaint prettiness of this plea for Bonbons will be seen in its final lines:

"Sweetmeats from our Carmel given
Greatly charm the King of Heaven,
Offer them each sacrifice,
Sister dear, thy poverty,
Thine austerity to see
Will His happy heart entice."

Other Pious Recreations, as these naïve dialogues are entitled, are called The Angels of the Crib, The Flight Into Egypt, Jesus at Bethany, with Martha and Mary Magdalen as interlocutors.

There is a supreme mystical poem among Saint Thérèse's songs—"What I Have Loved." It recounts her favorite devotions from earliest childhood—the birds, the skies, the familiar faces and scenes of home, the lovely spots and exquisite days never forgotten, and ends in an exquisite climax within the cloister:

"O Thou, in whom creation lies,
The myriad forest-germs arise,
Made fruitful by one glancing of Thine eyes!
Thou dost pursue me from above with love!
Mine is Thy Heart, Thy face adored—
Thine arrow pierceth as a sword—!
The Roses of Thy mouth, my sole award!
I love Thee—none I crave to see
Save Thee."

These versions are highly creditable to the taste, discretion, and truly literary gifts of the Carmelites of Santa Clara.

THOMAS WALSH.

On the Spanish Main, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00

Sea Life in Nelson's Time, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE first of these two books, which is an account of some of the English forays on the Isthmus of Darien, and of the buccaneers, is the longer of the two, and the less interesting. The material has been taken from Hakluyt, Exquemeling, Dampier, and Burney; but the selection of it appears to have been rather haphazard and to have had little shaping at Mr. Masefield's hands.

Sea Life in the Time of Nelson, however, is as vivid a piece of work as Mr. Masefield has ever done. Into a couple of hundred pages is compressed almost the whole of the classic age of English seamanship. We are given with an exactness of detail, that no writer, with the exceptions of Melville and Marryat, has approached, the actual life of the sailor. And technicalities are made as interesting as they are in that greatest of sea-songs, the Spanish Ladies—

"So stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
Haul up your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets."

Here we have presented to us each member of the crew, from the captain in his lace and cocked hat to the cabin-boy in his rags and grease, and we see each in his turn and all of them together engaged in the working of the ship. A pitiless

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—or, more correctly, a pitiful—realism strips aways every shred of the illusion which has fired every romantic boy who ever dreamed of running away to sea. Mr. Masefield tells no story of battle. Instead, he describes the surgeons in the ill-lighted cockpit giving the wounded, as each descended in his turn, a swig of rum and a gag to bit on while the saw rasped through the bone of the limbs to be amputated.

The ferocious floggings, the bad food, the evil stench, and the endless labors of a crew gathered from all nations; criminals sent from the prisons or dragged by empressment from the brothels of the sea-ports; about all these does Mr. Masefield instruct us. But he will not suffer us to turn our eyes to the glory that covered them all.

As an antidote to books where we get nothing except the glory, Sea Life in Nelson's Time could not be more effective. And yet the reader must often feel that the colors upon Masefield's brush are too lurid. The truth is quite evidently in this book—but, quite as evidently, not the whole truth.

Perhaps the explanation may be that Masefield himself suffered so acutely during the brief period he spent at sea. Nobody who has read Dauber can doubt that Masefield drew there a picture of himself. To a man so sensitive such a life could be only one of unmitigated horror. He should never have been a sailor—that is why he writes so vividly about the sea.

The startling lack of humor that characterizes all of this great writer's work may be noticed once again. One can readily believe that, in days before canning had been invented and when meat had to be salted for long voyages in sailing-ships, the food of seamen was not very good. But, when Mr. Masefield can solemnly say—"The badness of the meat may be guessed from the fact that sailors spoke of it as junk, or old condemned hemp rope. . . . Old pigtailed seamen would tell of horseshoes found in the meat casks; of curious barkings and neighings heard in the slaughter-houses; and of negroes who disappeared near the victualing yards to be seen no more—then one wonders whether Mr. Masefield could really have been a sailor after all, or have even talked to sailors, or, for the matter of that, to schoolboys expatiating, in accordance with the traditions of their kind, upon the school "grub." I would like to whisper a secret into Mr. Masefield's ear, in the words of the famous song—"It's a way they have in the army; it's a way they have in the navy; it's a way they have in the public schools."

Fathers ought to be warned not to be beguiled by the title of Sea Life in Nelson's Time into buying the book as a gift for their sons. This is no milk for babies. But let them buy it for themselves. They will find it to be one of the most fascinating books ever written. What needs to be supplemented in it can be found all too easily elsewhere. But what it tells is nowhere to be found in so convenient or so vivid a form.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Coal—Economic Problems of the Mining, Marketing and Consumption of Anthracite and Soft Coal in the United States—Facts and Remedies, by Edward T. Devine, member of the United States Coal Commission. Bloomington, Illinois: American Review Service Press. $2.50.

WHILE this volume is not as large as What the Coal Commission Found, by Tryon, Hunt and Willitts, it is more serviceable to the general reader. The analysis which it presents of the facts gathered by the Coal Commission is more systematic, coherent, and thorough than in the latter work. Moreover, Dr. Devine's book contains several chapters on remedies for the evils of the coal situation. Nothing of this character is included in What the Coal Commission Found.

The present work is divided into five parts dealing respectively with the characters, the anthracite industry, the bituminous industry, the transportation and marketing of coal, and a national policy. Part five is taken up entirely with a discussion of remedies. The first four parts present and discuss every important fact relating to the coal industry, whether affecting consumers, miners, operators, owners, wholesalers, retailers, or the railroads.

It is part five which provides controversial matter and which will evoke many differences of opinion among the readers of the book. The opening chapter is entitled Dubious Remedies. Among these, the first mentioned is nationalization. Dr. Devine rejects this, not on any theoretical ground, but because he believes "it is not a remedy within the present range of practical statesmanship." The main obstacles are constitutional difficulties, the wide diffusion of ownership of the bituminous mines, and the small amount of sentiment in favor of nationalization among the people of the United States. The remedies proposed by Dr. Devine occupy some seventy-five pages and are assigned to owners, operators, miners, dealers, railroads, Inter-State Commerce Commission, Pennsylvania, the President and Congress, and the consumers. Each of these groups or agencies can do something toward solving the problems of the coal industry, and each is told in detail what it can do.

If all these parties were to follow the recommendations of Dr. Devine, by far the greater number of the evils would be remedied. There still would remain, however, some very grave problems—for example, an ever-increasing increment of mine values to the owners at the expense of the consumers, and continuous waste and expense on account of over-development in the bituminous industry. But the main defect in the author's list of remedies is that they are quite unlikely to be adopted to a degree that would be effective. So far as owners, operators, miners, distributors, and consumers are concerned, Dr. Devine's program requires them all to pursue a policy of enlightened self-interest, instead of short-sighted self-interest. In the long run, it would be better for both operators and miners to adopt the policies proposed by Dr. Devine than to continue their present course of action. Economic history, however, records very few instances of important reforms effected through policies deliberately adopted for the "long run" by employers, or employes, or any other economic group. The great majority of persons in industry seem unable to see beyond the "short run." Their selfishness is not "enlightened," either in the sense of Adam Smith or Dr. Devine.

In the opinion of the reviewer, the obstacles to the effective adoption of the remedies proposed by Dr. Devine are far greater than the obstacles to government ownership and operation. Most of his proposals are in themselves sane and valuable, but they will not be put into operation to any worthwhile extent within the next twenty-five years. This may seem like a rash prophecy, but it is based upon the lessons of experience concerning the human nature of the various interested groups upon whom Dr. Devine relies.

JOHN A. RYAN.

The Dominican Order in England before the Reformation, by Beryl E. R. Formoy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.40.

IF, as the author declares in the opening chapter, the history of the Dominican order has been pitifully neglected because of the dearth of documents, we cannot but welcome a study like the present one which gives us in rapid review a

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picture of the coming and the activities of the friar preachers in pre-reformation England. With only occasional slips in minor details, the story is clearly if rather choppily told, reference being given in almost every case, to first-hand documents. Of course, we miss here the quiet humor, literary finish, and historical perspectives, not to speak of the immense erudition of a similar work covering the same field by the provincial of the English Dominicans, Father Bede Jarrett—The English Dominicans—published after the composition of this work and, therefore, not laid under contribution. But it is just as well for us to have the story told by one who apparently is not of the faith and hence not so open to certain influences that are almost unescapable for a Catholic author.

After a rapid account of the rise, constitution, character, and spread of the Dominican order, we see how the friars lived in mediaeval England—loved and enriched by the pious, favored by the kings for whom they acted as confessors up to the time of Henry VI, ridiculed by the pamphleteers of the day. As the mission of the order is frankly dual—Saint Dominic himself introducing the principle of dispensations into the rule, the better thus to make the existence, side by side, of preaching activity and university teaching, with all it implies, possible and workable—the author shows how the English friars never failed to be powerful preachers of the Word, and the better to accomplish this did not disdain to become "lords of language," even while teaching in Oxford and Cambridge, and other lesser seats of learning, writing books, especially of a biblical kind, that throw a welcome light on the intellectual interests and standards of the times. The relation of the Dominicans with the other religious institutes in England was always amicable, probably because they enjoyed so much authority with the kings, and also because they feared no rivalry on the part of less rapidly developing orders. Of course, the bonds with the Franciscans, although generally close, were sometimes stretched to the breaking point on account of the theological disputes which then elicited the crusading spirit of thinkers. Thomism did not always have a fair chance in England probably because of the prejudice created early in the province's history by Robert Kilwardby and the Platono—Augustinian school which survived there longer, if more fitfully, than anywhere else in Christendom. This same principle of independence appears again in the interpretation and application of certain of the order's rules. This refers specially to monastic architecture which the English Dominicans fostered more generously than their brethren anywhere else in the order.

The last two chapters are devoted to the Second Order for women which always enjoyed great popularity in the Island. The array of documents at the end adds a peculiar value to a work which, taken all in all, is well done, fair, honest, and comprehensive.

THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER.

Shanklin, by Webb Waldron. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.00.

EVEN in our modern commercial world, the Hamlet type, to judge from literature, is still prevalent. Shanklin, the hero of Mr. Waldron's novel of that name, is a dreamer, an idealist, at least in the sense of one who seeks without finding the ideal; sensitive, true-hearted, but continually defeated by his irressolution and his inability to separate fact from fancy. Another element in Shanklin's tragedy is that, like most men who live in a world of perception instead of reason, he insists upon incarnating his ideal in living people or social movements, first in the form of a lost friend, then transiently in the cause of a political revolution, finally in the form of a woman—and all three fail him, as every external ideal must.

The book is well thought out and well constructed. It opens with the pathetic failure of Shanklin senior's life dream—like son, like father—of promoting the development of a great port on the shores of Lake Superior. In the initial chapters the tang of the north country is sharply felt. Then the story moves to New York and is shaken with the pounding life of the metropolis. Thence to Paris during the war, with graphic scenes of the darkened city, and on to Berlin during the Spartacist revolt.

In some of the minor characters in the New York portion, various well known figures may be recognized. There is plenty of action, but the realism of vivid fact is skillfully hung in an unreal atmosphere which toward the end creates a kind of idyllic spirit even in the adventures of Shanklin and Judith through the mud and blood of the German revolution. This, in which one may perhaps surmise the distant influence of Thomas Hardy, gives a haunting quality to the book.

The style is versatile and varied, so that no single quotation could do justice to it. The following bit of powerful and concise description must suffice: "Now, with the mill a heap of ashes and twisted iron; with the whine of saws, the slap of piling lumber, the siren morning, noon, and night stilled forever; with no more lumber barges coming and going; with half the population of the settlement suddenly departed, an unwelcome desolation fell upon the unfinished Shanklin dock, warehouse, hotel, mansion; upon the streets of staked-out unsold lots, and the gap in the bluff through which no railroad came."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Augustine and Evolution: A study in the Saint's De Genesi ad Literam and de Trinitate. New York: The Universal Knowledge Foundation. $1.60.

MANY have been the discussions over the exact meaning of Saint Augustine's celebrated Rationes Seminales and their bearing on evolution, one side maintaining stoutly that they cover everything reasonably likely to be proved with regard to evolution, the other as hotly protesting that they do nothing of the kind. Father Woods is of this latter company in his very carefully written book. It must be understood that no partisan of the other side ever claimed that Saint Augustine held what today is understood by evolution—that would have been impossible. What is held by these men is that the passages in Saint Augustine, so far from being opposed to evolution, in reality cover by implication anything that a Catholic believer in evolution can want. In this light it is difficult to see any other natural explanation of the celebrated words on which the pro-evolutionists chiefly rely, viz.: "Terrestria animalia, tanquam ex ultimo elemento mundi ultima: nihilominus potentialiter, quorum numeros tempus postea visibiliter explicaret." We do not quite catch the meaning of the writer's words in the preface in which he seems to indicate that a Catholic cannot go any part of the way with the evolutionist, for Father Wasmann of his own society, Canon de Dorlodot, and quite a number of others have gone as far as any of them along the purely physical lines and have gone their way under the most formidable imprimaturs. If he alludes to the materialistic idea of psychical evolution certainly no one would look for help from Saint Augustine in pushing that idea, nor would any Catholic entertain it for a moment.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith? By Gerald Shaughnessy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS book discusses the important question of Catholic losses due to immigration. Dr. Shaughnessy, who has analyzed statistics bearing on the matter from 1790 to 1920, concludes that there has been no abnormal loss and that the success with which the Church in America has assimilated those coming here from foreign shores is nothing short of marvelous. The statistical aspects of his work are scholarly and exacting, so that it is impossible to see how other conclusions could be justified. It would be interesting to see whether attempts by scholars associated with Protestant churches would lead to similar conclusions. If statisticians of all Christian creeds agreed that their losses have been "normal"—which is not wholly beyond the range of probability—we should then confront the interesting problem of trying to account for the vast non-Christian population actually existing in the United States. However that may be, the reader will find Dr. Shaughnessy's careful book informative and inspiring.

Lafayette Letters, edited by Edward Everett Dale. Oklahoma City: Harlow.

ANYTHING that throws light upon the careers of the founders of our republic, must be appreciated warmly. Professor Edward Everett Dale of the University of Oklahoma has unearthed on the unlikely bookshelf of an Oklahoma farm house a series of letters that passed between the Marquis de Lafayette, his son, George Washington Lafayette, and Captain Francis Allyn, commander of the ship Cadmus in which the French patriots voyaged on their last visit to America in 1824. Professor Dale gives us facsimilies of these letters written by the Lafayettes in very good English, and containing biographical matter that illustrates their marked affection for the United States, their recognition of its generosity and their desire to advance the new world among the scientists and philosophers of France. It is a pleasure to read of the appreciation amounting to enthusiasm with which they were welcomed by the Americans of their day.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Hereticus flung his brief-case wearily on the table, having emerged from the subway crumpled and a trifle faded. He was surpised to find Dr. Angelicus, with a rather quizzical expression on his lips, in conversation with a swarthy gentleman, whose beautiful iron-gray hair was brushed back from his forehead under which a striking pair of piercing black eyes was intently studying the library.

"Permit me to present my old school friend, Don Pompilio of Mexico; we graduated together at St. Mary's, and this is Don Pompilio's first return to the United States in forty years."

The Mexican gentleman bowed with very fine grace, the heavy diamond on his shirt-front throwing a wicked gleam.

"You must find many changes here," said Hereticus.

"Ay di mi! Everything is quite different and my slender friend, Angelicus, whom we used to call Fra Angelico on account of his svelte figure, is now the ponderous Doctor with the dome-like brows and the magisterial manner."

Dr. Angelicus recovered himself to say: "Don Pompilio has had seventeen children, two sons and fifteen daughters; his haciendas are the pride of Tampico—"

"Pardon, Angelicus," exclaimed the Mexican, "I had two sons, but alas! Señor Hereticus, where are they now? The Doctor and I have spent the entire night trying to trace them through Greenwich Village and the Broadway dancing clubs—but, alas, while we heard news of them through young persons named Polly, Dolly, and Molly, we could find out nothing about where they lived. They get their mail at the Consulate, but we found there the Christmas letters of the Señora Madre, of Aunt Eustasia, of Uncle Teofrasto, and Padre Don Scortizo. Never since I sent the boys my last draft for five thousand American dollars have we had a word or sign from them."

"You don't think they could have gone to Palm Beach?" asked Hereticus.

"Hardly so many minutes from old Broadway," suggested Primus Criticus.

"They could tell us nothing of the boys at the Purple Cat or the Pink Zebra," remarked Angelicus. "In Club Angeline they had been dancing two nights before and had departed in 'coon coats and a very heavy limousine. Don Pompilio is properly concerned for them; they have not appeared for their courses at the business college where they are supposed to be studying English; Aunt Eustasia is on the eighth day of her

(*Continued on page 336*)

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novena, and the family is properly on nervous tension. Don Pompilio will tell you what we saw last night."

"Señores Hereticus and Primus Criticus," began the grave Mexican father of the prodigals, "when my dear old friend, Angelicus, and I arrived at the table, we found young ladies pouring from coffee-pots something that seemed stronger than the brew from the Brazilian bean; ladies old and young smoked and smoked, scratching matches and scattering cigarette ashes everywhere; the caballeros slapped them on their bare shoulder blades, and, in fact, the rougher they grew the more the damsels and old ladies seemed to like it. Between times they seized one another, without a word of request or permission, and sprang together in most unseemly postures upon the dancing floor, There seemed to be some strange ambition on the part of these terpsichoreans to catch each other on the back of the heels, to tumble and sustain each other from falling; their knees also seemed to batter in a sideway manner and to kick out at the partner's kneepans after the rigid manner of our marionettes. Large gentlemen, suggesting the rumbling hippopotamuses, circled about with little gadflies clad only in beaded jerkins. When I think of my boys, handsome little Juanito, my dark-eyed Pepito, in the clutches of these vampires, I can only call upon the sainted memories of my father and mother, on the prayers of Aunt Eustasia, and the choirs of angels and saints."

"You saw them dance the tango, Don Pompilio?" asked Hereticus, always in search for special information.

"And such a tango, señor!" replied the Mexican raising his grave black eyes to heaven. "The cacophony of the orchestra, the odors of cooking, strange perfumes and exudations of perspiration made me yearn for the open winds of my hacienda. Never have my barefooted peons worked themselves into the frenzied postures, the insulting degradations, twistings, jumps, prostrations, wigglings, and contortions of your Broadway tango artists. They tell me many of them are paid to dance together—I should think the doctors and bone-setters must be kept very busy after these performances. Fortunately, my Pepito and Juanito are strong and active boys. I trust in heaven for their safety. We are fattening the calf for their return to Tampico, where their fiancées are patiently waiting for them to return."

"Both the boys are engaged?" asked Primus Criticus.

"Since childhood, señor—their grandmother, Doña Esperanca, arranged these love matches when they were in the cradle. Lolita, the fiancée of Juanito, is now eighteen years old and her hacienda of 10,000 acres adjoins our own land: the nuns in the convent have never known a more pious girl—a little dark, perhaps, from her Indian great-grandmother, but a lily of purity and discretion. As for Concha, Pepito's prometida, Our Lady of the Shell never had a lovelier godchild. She is the daughter of Don Erasmo Grauss, the German mine-owner: golden as the noonday and a most excellent housekeeper."

Miss Anonymoncule then entered the library, and was presented to Don Pompilio, who regarded her blonde beauty with evident admiration, and only relieved Doctor Angelicus when he turned and said: "Ah, if my Juanito and Pepito were here to meet her! I am sure my sister Eustasia and the Señora would love her on sight. Doctor, some women are angels," he whispered, until Miss Anonymoncule pulled out a cigarette and said—

"Haven't you a match, Doctor?"

"Whereupon a great trouble came into the eyes of Don Pompilio and the fine head bowed a little in confusion.

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